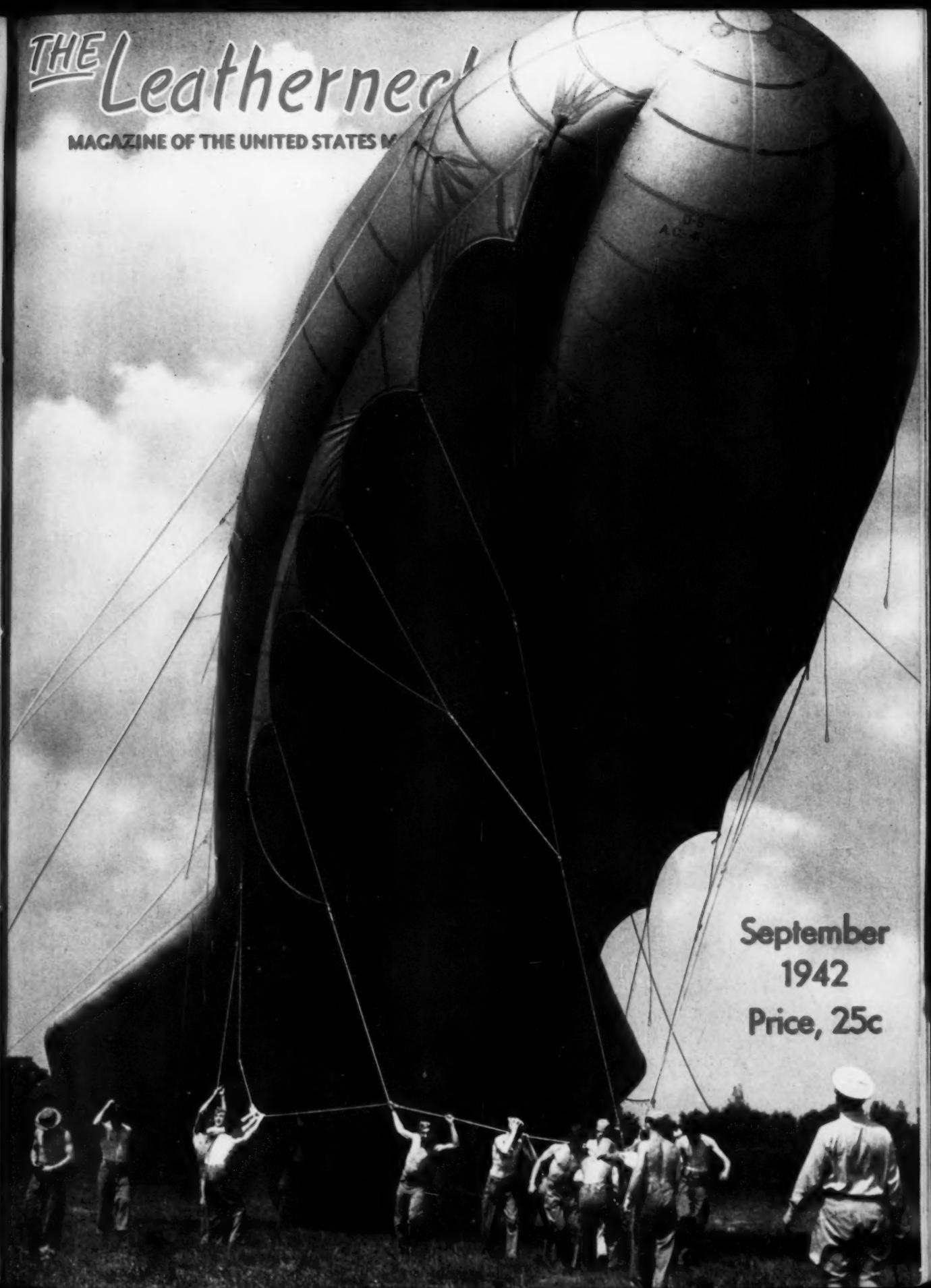
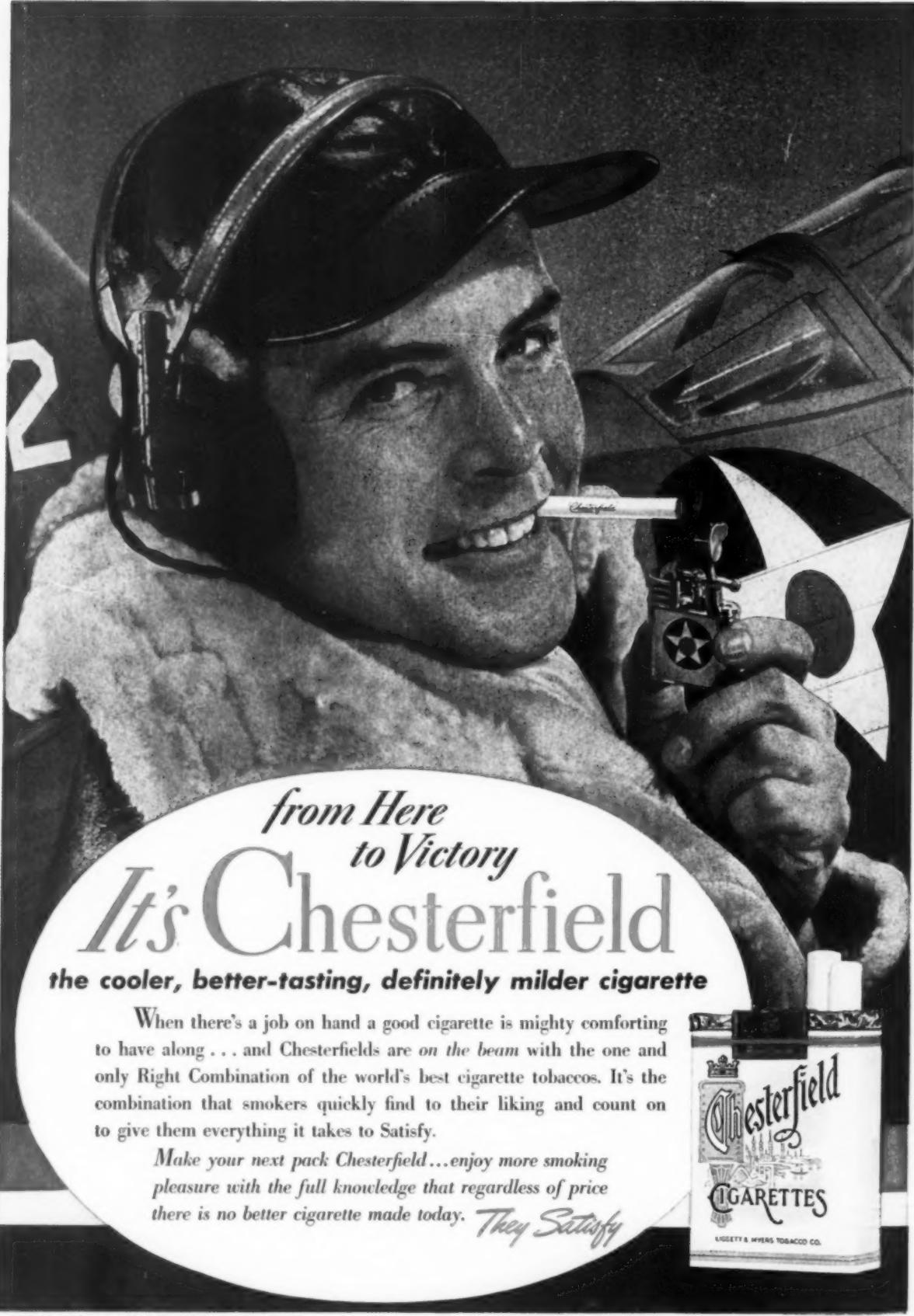


THE Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

September
1942
Price, 25c





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LEATHERNECK TRADITIONS

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IN 1932, NINE PILOTS FLEW IN THE FOURTH CANADIAN AIR PAGEANT. PERFORMING SPECTACULARLY, THEY WERE AWARDED FIRST HONORS FOR MILITARY FLYING AT THE NATIONAL AIR RACES AND ALSO THE CLEVELAND RACES.



MARINE CAPT. WILLIAMS

GASSED AND WOUNDED BY SHRAPNEL, CAPT. WILLIAMS TOLD THOSE WHO CAME TO CARE FOR HIM, "NEVER MIND ME TAKE CARE OF MY MEN."

THIS TYPICAL INCIDENT FROM THE PACIFIC BATTLEFRONT SHOWS TRADITIONAL LOYALTY BETWEEN OFFICERS AND MEN.

LOUIE
CAMPBELL

NATIONAL
INTERCOLLEGiate
HEAVYWEIGHT
BOXING CHAMP,
HAS ENLISTED
IN THE MARINE
CORPS.

LOUIE WAS
ALSO A STAR
IN FOOTBALL AT
SOUTHWESTERN
LOUISIANA
INSTITUTE AS
WELL AS IN
BOXING

AMARILLO, TEXAS, MARINE CORPS RECRUITING OFFICE HAS PUT IN A REQUEST FOR A BOOT JACK. REASON: SO MANY TEXAS COWBOYS ARE ENLISTING IN MARINES AND RECRUITING SERGEANTS SPEND A GOOD DEAL OF TIME PULLING BOOTS OFF RECRUITS.

*All America Knows
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but Few Know This*



TO GUARD YOUR WELL-BEING..

You owe it to yourself and to your country to keep well. Vitamins are an important part of the nation's health program. Did you know that Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's largest sources of natural B Complex Vitamins for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products? That it produces yeast vitamin concentrates for civilian and military hospitals?

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

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FRESHER FOODS—Retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over have equipment manufactured until recently by our Refrigeration Division. Today, however, this division is working all out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our armed forces.

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DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.



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Budweiser

THE LEATHERNECK

AT EASE!



We ducked out of a thunderstorm into a triple feature on Washington's Ninth Street one night, and saw as neat a sleeper as you could want. Not the battered blonde alongside us—we mean the kind of sleeper like "It Happened One Night" and "The Great McGinty"—a "B" picture which turned out Grade A. It was "They Raid By Night," story of a Commando raid on Norway. A bit slow in starting, and a bit Hollywood in spots, but nothing like such synthetic jobs as "This Above All," "Wings for the Eagle," and "Flight Lieutenant," all of which use the war as a backdrop for that final clinch, that ultimate wave of the flag. "Raid By Night" is a service man's picture: its problems might happen to you. Only you probably won't be so lucky as to meet June Duprez in the middle of them.

Final sequence consists of on-the-spot shots of British Commandos in action against the Nazis, cleverly spliced with plot scenes involving Lyle Talbot and baddies outwitting a Nazi marshal. The ac-



Jacket design for Gordon Holman's new book, "Commando Attack."

tures, and short subjects. PRC, a newcomer in this field, is showing the way to bigger companies with "Raid By Night," and "A Yank in Libya," which is a slight improvement over the same Yank in the RAF, in Trinidad, and in Burma (or maybe we're just allergic to Tyrone Power). Ask your Morale Officer to give these the onceover for GI shows.

Plenty tough, those Reds, and plenty hard up these days. But even when they're supposed to be licked, they keep on fighting: "Guerrilla Brigade" tells that story, and incidentally offers some fetching shots of Russian girls in uniform, in case you didn't see "The Girl from Leningrad." Wonder how soon Hollywood will make a movie on the WAACS and WAVES which isn't either silly or sexy?

The Commandos seem to have the entertainment world, as well as the Invasion Coast, in an uproar. You've read those magazine articles; THE LEATHERNECK carried one some months ago. But that was more or less in the nature of a preview. Now the straight dope is coming out, now that the "surprise" tactics developed through months of training in England and America have already been shown to the enemy. Read pp. 26-34 of "The Commandos" (the rest of the action is mostly in a sick-bed), by Elliott Arnold, and "Commando Attack," by Gordon Holman. These may save you a few unpleasant surprises in combat training, and give you a better slant on our Imperial allies when you serve with them on one of World War II's half-dozen "second fronts."

Even the radio has climbed on the bandwagon with a new series on guess what? CBS's Commando Boys run through a spine-tingling series of training adventures, but there's a Rover Boy quality about it that service men will spot at once.

There's nothing Rover Boy, tho, about our own Book-of-the-Month for the Man-of-the-Year: "Get Tough," for Marines on combat duty. Written by the man who founded and trained the famed Shanghai Riot Squad, then returned to England to teach Commandos and Paratroops his Chinese thug and Jap ju-jitsu tricks, it gives straight dope on how to use knee, elbow, and smatchet (look it up if you don't know what it is!) without Marquis of Queensberry rules. The tricks aren't exactly for parlor exhibit, but they may save your life on the battlefield. Get smart, and get "Get Tough."



Here's Hollywood's most convincing Nazi—Who is he?

tor who played the marshal (left man in still below) wins this month's Oscar for portraying the first completely believable Nazi to appear on the screen. None of your "To Be or Not To Be," "Night Train," "Desperate Journey," "Wife Takes a Flyer," "Mortal Storm," or "Escape" clowns or clinical cases. This guy is the real McCoy: the kind of officer you'll be up against when comes the Second Front. Sorry we missed his name—but you'll undoubtedly see more of him.

Matter of fact, this month's movie crop produced a flock of new faces, ideas, and companies in the field of B, or action, pic-

Short subjects on the war seem to pack more punch than big super-specials—perhaps because the people you see in them aren't acting, they're doing the real thing. You've probably already seen "Tanks," "Ring of Steel," "This Is Our War." But the Canadians and Russians have released some straight newsreel reports that are honeys. Don't miss "New Soldiers Are Tough" for a slant on changes in training methods, and in actual battle tactics (including Japs executing Chinese prisoners). Don't miss "Inside Fighting Russia" for the straight dope on what's going on over there behind—and at—the fighting front.

Smokers everywhere are switching to cigarette rated

first

by Reader's Digest impartial tests

Which show:

OLD GOLD lowest in Nicotine

OLD GOLD lowest in Throat-

Irritating Tars and Resins

SEE HOW YOUR BRAND COMPARES WITH OLD GOLD

Reader's Digest assigned a scientific testing laboratory to find out about cigarettes. They tested seven leading cigarettes and Reader's Digest published the results.

★ The cigarette whose smoke was **LOWEST** in nicotine was Old Gold.

★ The cigarette with the **LEAST** throat-irritating tars and resins was Old Gold.

On both these major counts Old Gold was best among all seven cigarettes tested.

Refer to July issue of Reader's Digest. See what this highly respected magazine reports. When you do, you'll say "From now on my cigarette is Old Gold."



P. LORILLARD COMPANY, Blenders of fine tobaccos since 1760

HOLLYWOOD TRIES AGAIN!

THE films attempt another pictorial essay on the Marine Corps in Paramount's "Wake Island," an account of the historic defense of America's mid-Pacific outpost by the Wake Island Detachment of the First Battalion, U.S.M.C., and Marine Fighting Squadron 211 of Marine Aircraft Group 21. Action covers two weeks.



War clouds are darkening over the Pacific late in November when Major Geoffrey Caton (Brian Donlevy) takes command of the Wake Island Marine Detachment. The little garrison turns out proudly to greet its new commanding officer.



Shad McCloskey (Albert Dekker), big, burly and intelligent construction contractor, has the job of rushing completion of island's inadequate defense installations. Here the belligerent civilian tells the major of his contempt for military formality.



The Marines man battle stations when word comes on the morning of December 8 (December 7 east of the International dateline) about the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. Here a platoon swings along as twelve Grumman fighters take the air.



A couple of Leatherneck buddies, Private Joe Doyle (Robert Preston) and Private Aloysius K. (Smacksie) Randall, get extra police duty. As punishment they have to dig slit trenches to protect the civilian construction workers in event of an air raid.



The patrolling Marine planes sight an approaching Japanese air armada. The bugle blows general quarters. The sirens wail. Marines rush to their battle stations. In this picture a U. S. crew is manning one of the 50-caliber anti-aircraft guns.



Here's the opening aerial bombardment by 24 Jap planes. The Invaders used a checkerboard pattern of bombing, blasting the island square yard by square yard. As defense, Marines move guns into recently bombed area after each attack.

"HANDY" WAY TO ORDER *BALLANTINE BEER*



A salute to
superior
refreshment

America's finest since 1840

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WAKE ISLAND (Continued)



At second stage in battle, the Wake garrison "plays dead," holding fire in hope of luring naval task force into range of five-inch guns. Here Marines in dugout offer no reply as Jap shell hits. Ships moved in close and were blasted by Marines.



Enemy attack has been concentrated on the airfield. Bombs hit eight planes on the ground, wiping out two thirds of the island's air force. Lieutenant Cameron of the air squadron dives at Japanese cruiser and sinks it but is killed himself.



⑨



⑩

Now the Island's defenders had won the admiration of the whole civilized world. But, after two weeks of assault by sea and air, the enemy hordes were able to make a landing from armor-shielded invasion barges. Here Japs charge Marines.

The Invaders meet a very hot reception, though. Here Privates Doyle and Randall stick to their machine gun and mow down the foe. The gun runs out of ammunition. But the two Marines die fighting, throwing grenades at the last.



⑪

During lull in last fighting, Major Caton and others, take final stand in machine shop. They are amused as they hear the Tokyo radio pay an unintentional compliment to the 400 fighting Marines by broadcasting Wake was defended by 3,000.



⑫

The Wake Island radio operator sends a last message, under muzzles of Jap guns. It reads: "The enemy has landed. The issue is still in doubt." Jap officer kills the operator. And Wake's communication link with the outside world is cut off.

WONDERS OF AMERICA

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**PRINCE
ALBERT**
**THE
NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE**

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy can of Prince Albert



ON THE COVER:

The Marine Corps has lots of new duties in World War II. Here a husky crew of Marines raises one of the big bags in the Balloon Barrage School at Parris Island.

CARRY ON!

From: THE LEATHERNECK, magazine of the U. S. Marines, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

To: Mr. Ham Fisher, Lincoln Building, New York, N. Y.

Subject: Recommendation for promotion to rank of Corporal in case of Pfc. Joe Palooka, U. S. Army.

Qualifications: Pfc. Joe Palooka voluntarily enlisted in February, 1940. Since then he has been cited for bravery in rescuing an army flyer following a crash in the Everglades of Florida. He was a member of the American Expeditionary Force to Ireland where he figured in the capture of a German submarine. Pfc. Joe Palooka participated in several raids by British Combined Operations and has been listed as missing after one of these Commando forays. —THE EDITORS.

From: Mr. Ham Fisher, Lincoln Building, New York, N. Y.

To: THE LEATHERNECK, magazine of the U. S. Marines.

DEAR EDITOR AND HENCHMAN:

Received your dirty dig and am greatly upset. You have hit me in a sore spot.

1. To begin with, the first Commandos were the Marines and all the things the Commandos do are old stuff to the Devil Dogs. In fact, in the very near future in one of the strips, Joe talks about the fact that what he's doing is old stuff and that the Marines have been doing it for years.

2. The staff of the Seventh Army Corps asked me to let Joe become a candidate for Officers' School.

3. Joe hasn't done anything to compare with the feats of Capt. Arthur Wermuth, the One-Man Army of Bataan.

4. Your letter was perfectly swell. I got a big laugh out of it. I thank you and your mob of sarcastic so-and-sos.

HAM FISHER.

(Palooka speaks to Marines on page 31.)

Volume XXV

Number 9

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES

THE Leatherneck

THE MARINE BARRACKS • EIGHTH AND EYE, S. E. • WASHINGTON, D. C.



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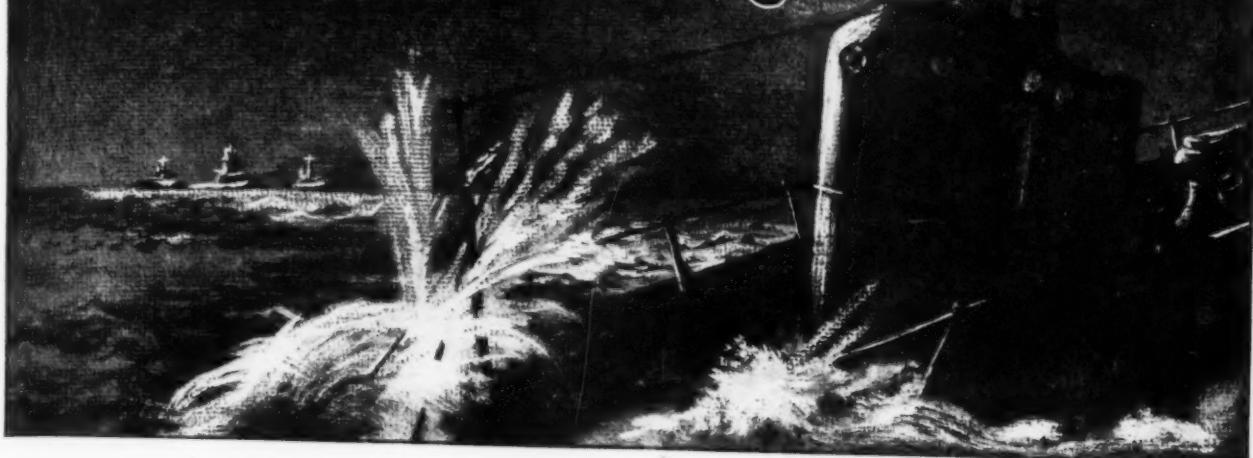
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By Sub From Corregidor!



Marine Colonel's Thrilling Story

AT about 8:30 o'clock on the night of April 9, 1942, the United States minesweeper, *Pigeon*, pulled out of the Corregidor harbor carrying a very valuable human cargo.

The sun had set blood red out in the South China Sea. And it was dark except for a few blazes over on the Bataan peninsula. Now the peninsula, from Subic Bay to Cababagan, swarmed with Japanese. At long last, the exhausted American and Filipino defenders of Bataan had surrendered.

On board the *Pigeon* were 30 officers and specialists of the Navy and one Marine Corps officer. Each of the 31 was an expert whose services might prove invaluable in the Battle of the Pacific. So the United Nations high command in Australia had ordered these men to leave Corregidor. To Lieutenant Davis, the *Pigeon's* daring commander, had gone the instructions to transport the 31 passengers through the Nipponese blockade and out into the South China Sea where they were to contact one of the U. S. submarines sent up with badly needed food for the defenders of Bataan.

A pretty task for Lieutenant Davis. He would have to take his little boat through the minefield channel only about a thousand yards from new Japanese artillery positions. With the armistice in effect on Bataan, the Nips' fat, smart General Yamashita had moved his artillery up to Mariveles (across from Corregidor) and had shelled the Rock's northern shore line all afternoon.

Two enemy destroyers and a cruiser were patrolling the mouth of the bay, staying just out of range of Corregidor's hot guns.

Before the minesweeper slipped away

from the harbor, Lieutenant Davis mentioned to his 31 passengers that their chances for survival would be much better back on the Rock.

"But between the Japs and the sharks, I will turn down the Japs every time," commented the naval officer. And everyone present agreed with him.

The lone Marine Corps officer was tall and powerfully-built Colonel William T. Clement. The Colonel wore dusty khaki with a service automatic strapped to his hip. He carried a well-stuffed brief case—and not much else. That morning the

Colonel was rounding up about 700 blue-jackets who had streamed across to Corregidor after destroying all naval facilities at Mariveles and scuttling all ships just before the Nips arrived. They were to be formed into another infantry battalion for defense of the beaches.

They still had their rifles and plenty of ammunition. Colonel Clement received orders from Navy C.P. to turn the battalion over to another officer and prepare to leave that night on the *Pigeon*.

With Yamashita's artillery hammering away at the Rock, there was not much time for farewells. But the Colonel's mind must have been crowded with memories as he said goodbye to the tough guys of the Fourth Marines. The Fourth was down on the beach, waiting for the little monkey men to land. It had been good hunting. But the show was about over. The Marines knew this. Two or three of them were writing poems.

A big corporal said to the Colonel:

"Sir, here are some things the boys wrote. They call 'em poems. Maybe, THE LEATHERNECK magazine could use them—if the Colonel gets through." (Editor's note: One of those poems is on page 32 of this issue.)

The boys of the Fourth had great admiration for Colonel Clement. They remembered the day during the early attacks on the Islands when he had found them 27 much-needed machine guns while searching Pasig River warehouses amidst one of the air raids. They remembered his coolness and courage during all of the trying months since the war began in December.

At about 6:30 o'clock that afternoon the Japs quit shelling Corregidor from Mariveles. Maybe, they ran out of ammunition or, maybe, they just got tired. Anyway, there was a heavy stillness that almost hurt the ears of the 31 specialists when the minesweeper left the harbor. The



The Colonel saw a Marine Sergeant cutting the hair of a Filipino airman.

three Jap warships were out there somewhere in the darkness. Just as the *Pigeon* was approaching the minefield channel, the searchlights of the cruiser and the destroyers came on and started making a sweep of the entrance to the bay.

The *Pigeon* yawed about and fled, since she was silhouetted between ships and shore batteries. At 9:30 o'clock, the little ship tried again but had to turn back when halfway through the minefield.

The *Pigeon* stopped in the lee of the island and waited until about 11 o'clock. Then the Lieutenant noticed that one of the searchlights was going north and another light was going south along the coast. The third light, probably of the cruiser, was not on. The *Pigeon* started tip-toeing through the minefield again and was just about clear when the third searchlight came on dead ahead.

Fortunately, the light made only a quick sweep and went out. Lieutenant Davis knew that the moon would be up soon. He decided to make a run for it.

Of the Lieutenant, his men said:

"He has night eyes. He can see in the dark like a cat."

Certainly, Davis' vision was good. Outside the minefield the *Pigeon* cruised about in the rendezvous area and finally spotted the U. S. Submarine *Snapper*, which lay like a big pig in the black waters. Somewhere in the area another U. S. sub was lurking to help her sister ship in what then appeared to be the last getaway.

It was due to purest luck that they contacted the U. S. sub. The *Snapper* was laden with concentrated food for Bataan. The *Snapper's* sister sub was laden with torpedoes, and was acting as "cover" for the food ship.

When the Bataan defense collapsed, instructions had been sent the two subs to turn back. But they'd been submerged and had not received the messages.

The *Pigeon* nudged up beside the pigboat. In the darkness the 31 specialists said goodbye to Lieutenant Davis. Then they clambered aboard the *Snapper*. The *Pigeon* started on the perilous return trip to Corregidor, a sad trip, for the Jap ring of steel was closing tighter.

The *Snapper*, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Stone, carried eight 21-inch torpedoes under ordinary circumstances. But she'd left most of her torpedoes at Cebu when she'd taken on the cargo of food. The *Snapper* is of the "Salmon Class" and she mounts one 3-inch gun and one anti-aircraft machine gun.

The *Snapper* dived, and her sides shuddered as she sought the sea's protection many fathoms down, for that dark stretch of ocean was now alive with sound. The sub's sound detector had reported the Jap ships were approaching.

The *Snapper's* sister sub also heard the Jap ships. While the Nips were attempting to locate the *Snapper*, she submerged quietly and started stalking the three warships. Early the next morning she sent several of her "special messages" to Mr. Tojo and sank the two destroyers.



Secretary Frank Knox decorates Colonel Clement with the Navy Cross while the Commandant, Lieutenant General Holcomb, looks on in Washington, D. C.

Those in the crowded *Snapper* didn't know about all this until much later. They were bracing themselves for depth charges. They could hear the sound of the warships above them. And then that died away.

It was about 1:30 o'clock on the morning of April 10 when the *Snapper* first dived. She headed for Cebu to pick up her precious torpedoes. Without those

torpedoes, she was just an old pig with a few little guns on her deck, incapable of action against an enemy warship. She did not surface until 7:30 o'clock that evening, and then it was to hear more bad news.

On one of the bunks in the crowded depths of the *Snapper*, Colonel Clement found a battered copy of Kenneth Roberts' heavyweight novel, "Oliver Wiswell."

The big Colonel hadn't found time for reading anything much during the lurid months on Bataan except the comically macabre leaflets which the Jap aviators showered down: invitations to surrender printed in English decorated with pictures of white women, mostly blondes, in what the Nipponee must have reckoned seductive poses. And there hadn't been much time for reading during those closing weeks when Jap artillery gnawed away at Corregidor and most of the casualties were caused by flying rock fragments.

But the Colonel liked to read. He picked up the bulky book, fondly. The *Snapper* was groping through the green waters of the China Sea, many fathoms down now to avoid detection by Jap aircraft. The Colonel felt strangely relaxed.

He started reading:

"My father, Seaton Wiswell of Milton and Boston, was an attorney. Daniel Dulany, greatest of American lawyers, once wrote that my father was as richly endowed with foresight as were the majority of his generation with hindsight."

He had reached page 283 that evening when the *Snapper*, throwing spray like a wet dog, came to the surface off Cebu. Shortly thereafter a message crackled in from Australia that the Japs had made three landings on Cebu. So it was impossible for the sub to go in and get her torpedoes. Later, those aboard the *Snapper* learned that Commander John Bulk-



Major Max Clark, carrying his famous seat cane, was one of the Marine heroes during the bombing of the Cavite Base.

ley had used some of the *Snapper's* torpedoes and had sunk a Jap cruiser which supported the Cebu landing.

So the submarine threaded through the little islands and reefs, and went out into the Sulu Sea. Most of the time they were submerged, for these waters were being heavily patrolled by enemy air and sea craft. Southward through the Sulu and going down through the Celebes Sea and the Macassar Straits the *Snapper* made several crash dives.

At the entrance to the Macassar Straits, between Celebes and Borneo, the Channel is only about 12 miles wide. The *Snapper* approached the entrance under cover of darkness. There a Japanese fishing boat had been stationed, apparently to give radio reports should any ship go through the straits. The night was very dark. The *Snapper* suddenly found herself very close to the fishing boat. The U. S. sub thoroughly machine-gunned the Jap craft. Nothing more was heard from her, not another peep from her radio.

The equator goes through the midriff of the Macassar Straits. Colonel Clement had never crossed the equator. He got to page 474. Oliver Wiswell was in Paris. The perilous progress through the Sulu and Celebes had interrupted the Colonel's reading some. But there were even more enemy craft in the strategic straits. So it was that Colonel Clement crossed UNDER the equator, with no time to surface and take aboard Neptune Rex for a proper initiation.

The *Snapper* went on down through the Java sea. She was more than 1,000 miles from Corregidor now. But there were signs of the Invaders everywhere. One

dark night, the *Snapper* minnowed through the Lombok Passage between Lombok Island and Bali. And those aboard felt much more cheerful as they got into the Indian Ocean. A deep ocean offers better hiding for a sub than reef-gashed, island-studded shallow seas.

On the night of April 23, the *Snapper* surfaced to take a star sight and receive its regular message from the high command in Australia. They intercepted a message from another U. S. sub, the *Sea Raven*. The *Raven* had been sent to one of the small Dutch islands to pick up 24 Australian flyers. The Japs had occupied the island and driven the aviators into the bush. They'd salvaged radio equipment from one of their planes and had gotten a message through to Australia.

After three nights of continuous searching, the *Raven* located the Australians' hiding place. The aviators got aboard and they headed back for Freemantle on the West Coast of Australia. But, several days later, the *Raven* had a serious electrical fire, and she could neither steer nor submerge.

The *Snapper* picked up this message and, immediately reversed her course to go to the assistance of her crippled sister. After an all-night search the *Raven* was found and taken in tow.

Then there were some anxious hours for the subcrews and for the 31 distinguished warriors on the *Snapper* and the 24 flying men on the *Raven*. For neither sub could submerge now. And an Axis warship or plane could make two easy kills.

A seaplane came over the horizon, roaring like a tiger. The men on the sub watched the sky anxiously and then they cheered when the seaplane wing-dipped and they saw that she was an Australian. The plane turned around and headed southward. Soon help would be on the way.

Meanwhile, the subs were having a very tough go of it. Two tow lines had broken. Both craft were out of tow lines and they were using the *Snapper's* anchor chain.

A few hours later, an Australian corvette appeared from the south. The corvette, politely, offered to tow the *Raven*. But, with the anchor chain rigged, the two subs were moving along about nine knots. So they continued for a while with the corvette coursing along as escort.

Then the pelican hook broke. The sub commander signalled to the corvette:

"There she is. Fetch her in. Thank you, very much."

The *Snapper* again headed south. The Colonel finished Oliver Wiswell. On the morning of April 25, the *Snapper* with her sides covered with barnacles and green slime of five seas, eased into the Freemantle harbor after a voyage of almost 10,000 miles. All of the 31 specialists were present and accounted for, and Lieutenant Davis, wherever he was, and Commander Stone could well be proud.

The 31 passengers went ashore. For 16 days they had lived within the *Snapper's* hot guts—within a space 308 feet by 26



Marine Sergeant Hobbs stands beside crater left by thousand-pound bomb dropped by Japs on Armory at Cavite.



This map shows the amazing journey by submarine of Marine Colonel Clement from Corregidor through five enemy-filled seas to Freemantle in Australia.

feet. Now it was good to be alive in the vastness of the earth and to feel the land once again. And it was good to know that you had important work and could get another crack at the little men who had chased you through the South China Sea and the Sulu and the Celebes and the Java and the Indian Ocean.

Colonel Clement had been ordered out of the Philippines to take charge of the Australian Commando troops. He was just getting started with that job when orders were received to return to Marine Headquarters at Washington. He hopes to return to his Commando job. So, to learn something of the country and the people, he travelled across Australia by military train—a four and one-half day trip. The train was packed with Aussies, just back from the Middle East and returning from seven-day leaves at home.

The Colonel reported to Admiral Leahy at Melbourne. From Melbourne he flew to Sydney and then by a Navy PB2Y to New Zealand and homeward by the island stepping stones across the Pacific. It was hard to read on that 15,000-mile trip. Anyway, the Colonel had a lot of matters to meditate over. How different it might have been on the Philippines if all the Filipino aviators, who were used as infantry, had been in the air with fighters and bombers.

He knew of 750 Filipino aviators who might have made a tremendous difference—if they had had planes. Instead, they had come to Bataan and Corregidor and joined the Fourth Marines as infantrymen and fought like tigers for all the campaign.

These Filipino flyers got along famously with the Marines. They marched and messed and fought in the same trenches with the Fourth's salty boys. The Filipinos showed the same spirit, determination and aggressiveness that are characteristic of the Marines. And the Colonel remembered the day he had seen a Marine sergeant cutting the hair of a Filipino buddy.

The Colonel wondered what had become of his friends on Bataan, such as Max Clark, the tough little Marine major, and Colonel Herman Anderson and Lieutenant Schade and Marine Gunner Brainard and Sergeant Adams Hobbs and Capt. Arthur Wermuth of the Army and many others.

During World War I days, Major Max

Clark had won a seat cane at a county fair. A man had tried to guess Clark's weight and had failed. So the Major got a seat cane. That was 25 years ago. Since then he had carried the seat cane through three wars.

The Marines on Corregidor reckoned Major Clark as one of the real heroes of the campaign. During the bombing of Cavite he had seemed absolutely indifferent to peril. He would look up at the sky and cuss a little and say:

"My gosh, those Japs are dropping more confetti on us."

And his men would grin and get on with their work and try to ignore the bombs just like their commanding officer. The Major never sought cover in dugouts during the raids. He would come out in the trenches or pill boxes with the men, and usually by a machine gun.

LEAFLET BARRAGE

When Cavite was bombed, Major Clark worked day and night without a break, supervising work, encouraging his command and fighting fires.

The Colonel wondered about the fate of some of the equipment of the Fourth Marines which had just arrived at Olongapo from Shanghai. Men, kitchens and ammunition had been unloaded in Subic Bay and the ships ordered immediately to Manila that they might get inside the minefield before dark. Heavy equipment was unloaded at Manila to be sent by truck and lighter to Olongapo.

The war broke before this equipment, which was loaded on lighters, had been moved out of Manila Bay. Major Ridgely, the Fourth's quartermaster, and a good one, immediately became concerned. While the three lighters were being towed out of the harbor the Japs hit Cavite. The tug boat captain became panicky, cut the three lighters adrift in the minefield and made for a quiet cove on the Bataan coast.

For three days, these lighters drifted before anyone knew what the tug captain had done. Then there followed a frantic search of the bay. Two of the lighters were located, but unfortunately one, containing 1,000 pairs of field shoes, was never located.

During the search of warehouses along the Pusig River for this equipment, Colo-

nel Clement found 27 .50 caliber machine guns which were en route to the Yangtze River patrol in China. The guns were sent to the Fourth and used on Corregidor.

He remembered the bitter amusement of the Fourth's rugged men when the Japs dropped leaflets aimed to weaken the morale of the men on Bataan and the Rock. The leaflets usually had pictures of white women, mostly blondes, in what the Japs probably considered seductive poses. Then there were usually such words, in English, as these: "This is Ticket to Armistice—Use this Ticket, Save Your Life and You Will be Treated Kindly."

The one that had tickled the Marines most of all contained a grotesque picture of a buxom blonde white woman sitting on a heap of skeletons. The skeletons were wearing U. S. helmets. Around the illustration in bold-faced type were these English words, supposedly spoken by the husky siren:

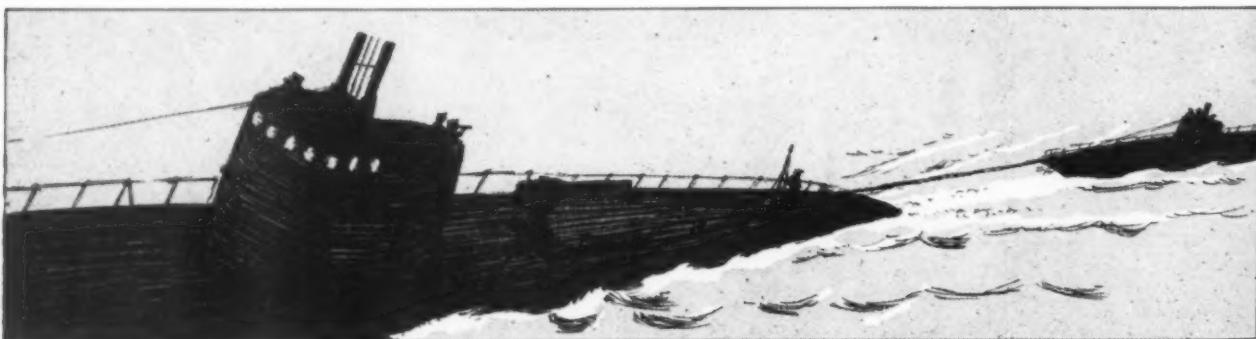
"Don't wait to die . . . before the bombs fall let me take your head and kiss your gentle cheeks and murmur . . . before the terror comes, let me walk beside you in a garden deep in petalled sleep . . . let me, while there is still a time and place, feel soft against you."

The Fourth, with its thousand or so Filipino allies (aviators and mess boys), had turned in one of the proudest performances in Marine Corps history. Perhaps, the example set by its officers was heavily responsible for this. Once at James Ravine on Corregidor a hillside was under heavy bombardment. Colonel Anderson saw two wounded Marines lying out on the hillside. Without hesitating, the bespectacled Colonel ran through the bombardment and carried the wounded men to cover.

Between Dec. 7, 1941, and April 9, 1942, Colonel Clement, who was Marine officer on staff of the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, was engaged in liaison work between naval army forces in the campaign. He was quartered at Corregidor but spent much of his time on Bataan.

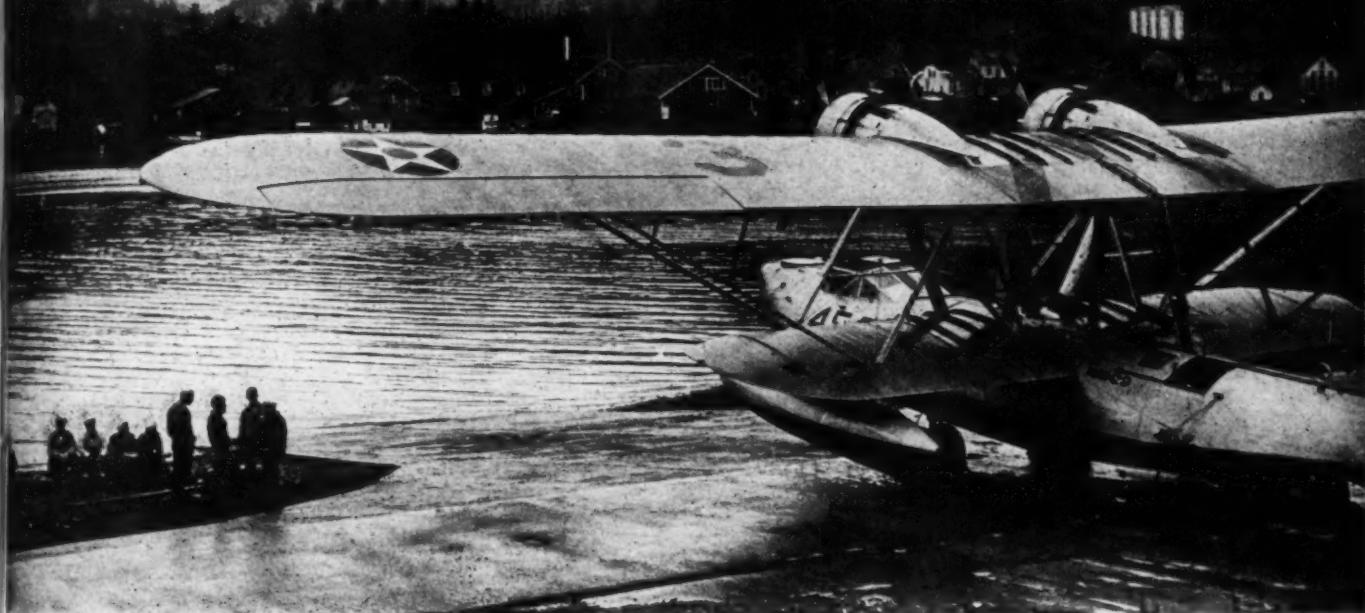
At 2:50 a.m. on the morning of Dec. 8, first message of the Japs' bombing of Pearl Harbor arrived at Asiatic Fleet Headquarters in Manila. Colonel Clement had "staff duty" at the time. He notified Admiral Thomas Hart, the Asiatic Fleet's commander-in-chief. The Army was

(Turn to page 68)



The "Snapper" took the crippled submarine in tow and headed for Australia. But it was a slow job as towlines snapped frequently.

ACTION IN ALASKA



No 'Bataan' for U. S. in Alaska!

BY POLAR azimuthal reckoning, Alaska is almost dead center in present global warfare (See GIST map, August '42). Dead center? "Seward's Folly," bought from Russia for \$7,200,000, is having its biggest boom since the Yukon gold rush. Within the past year its white population has doubled; over a hundred million dollars of government money has been poured into its islands, bays, and valleys. Where once was only one railroad (Seward to Fairbanks), and a string of break-neck landing fields slashed out of spruce forests, now is emerging with desperate eleventh-hour haste against the first Jap bombs, a string of air fields big enough for long-range bombers, submarine bases, new highways, telephone and rail systems.

These are being blasted out of prim-

eval rock, out of treacherous muskeg deep enough to swallow giant "bulldozers" (roaderushers on caterpillars), out of rapids-hewn canyons and fly-infested scrubland—out of some of the dirtiest country on earth. Mosquitoes float so thick over road camps you have to sound off to be heard above their hum. They are followed by "no-see-ums"—bugs so tiny only their sting tells you they're around. Mud is knee-deep, slippery as G.I. jello, sticky as chewing gum. And water, for either washing or drinking must be hauled for miles. Stumps of extinct forests are yanked out like dead teeth, sometimes one layer on top of another.

The "Alaska Road" runs far east of the Rockies—a longer haul (via St. John and Edmonton), but easier grades and safe from Jap aircraft carriers. The new railroad runs in the long valley trough between the Rockies and the coastal range. It's a natural, once some tough spots are overcome. Looming more important is an all water route up the

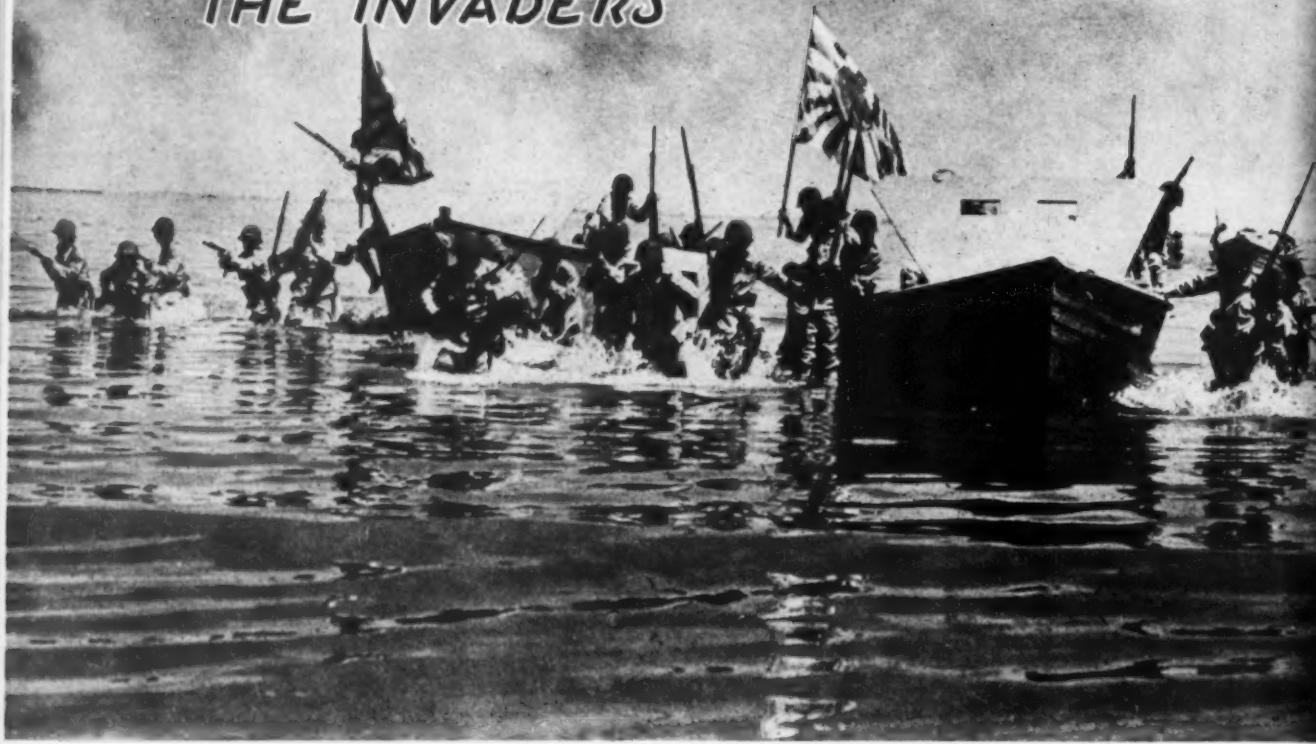
Air-power is almost certain to decide the issue in Alaska. Planes have been the U.S.'s principal weapons in defense of the imperilled Aleutians. Planes will be the principal weapons if Alaska is used as a springboard for invasion of Japan.

Mackenzie River from Great Slave Lake. (See following pages).

Army and Navy, finally working together, are making triply sure that Alaska will never be another Bataan, that instead of a soft spot in America's bulwark's, Alaska will be the catapult, the Aleutians the spearhead of the ultimate invasion of Japan.

From this overnight coming of age, Alaska (one of the world's richest treasure chests of vital materials) will never relapse into being just a virtual island colony of the U. S. Present rapid growth should mature into solid, steady development, with increased continental ties. Like Australia, Brazil, and Africa, Alaska will be one of the world's choice spots to settle in after the duration.

THE INVADERS



The action of the little men from Nippon planting their flag on North American soil is a tremendous challenge to the United States. The Japs made landings like the one pictured above when they seized some of the out-lying isles in the Aleutian group. They met no resistance on the first barren islands—at first. Now U. S. is trying to dislodge Japs from their footholds.



The Japanese adventure in the Aleutians soon proved costly to the Invaders. American planes came out of the eerie fogs that clamp the Aleutians most of the time and sank many Nipponese transports and warships. At left, a destroyer flames off Attu and at right, a burning transport settles into the bay at Kiska. The pictures were made by Navy reconnaissance planes.

THE DEFENDERS



Crack U. S. troops are shown landing at an Alaskan post. Reinforcements are being rushed into the Northland as the Japanese invasion threat grows. These boys are veteran soldiers, specially trained for fighting in bleak outposts of the U. S. Northland.



Marines wait for Japs to try it again at Dutch Harbor. Nipponese bombing planes were attacking when this photograph was made. But the Marines continued about their business of preparing trenches. Note the heavy clothing being worn in Summer.

OUTPOSTS IN DANGER



Alert in Aleutians!

THE Aleutians are a see-saw spring-board from which invasion may be launched either westward or eastward. So far, the spring has been eastward, as the Japs moved in on the 200-mile tip of the island chain, from Attu to Kiska. They are still 650 miles from strongest U. S. outpost at Unalaska (Dutch Harbor), which is in turn 700 miles from next nearest main base at Kodiak.

Across this natural short-cut from Asia to America (only 50 miles from mainland to mainland at Bering Strait, frozen solid much of the year, and only 1½ miles between Russia's Big Diomede Island with emergency landing field, radio, weather station, and U. S. Little Diomede, unfortified) scientists say men and animals crossed in warmer, prehistoric times. Hence similarity of Eskimo and Amerindian types to Asiatic tribes who were their ancestors. Now Japs are taking a leaf from geo-history, attempting to force a crossing.

Most communications in this 1,500-mile chain must be carried out by radio, plane or submarine, since the Aleutians have the world's worst weather for surface craft, caused by warm current to South (which makes Southern California semi-tropical) meeting cold Arctic seas to North, with perpetual fog and rain as result.

Both Nippon and USSR have better charts and maps of this region, land and sea, than does the U. S. who owns it. Seal and salmon "fishermen" who hunted these waters in peace time turned out to be Japanese naval experts on detached duty. Soviet weather and aviation missions plotted ways and means of living within the Arctic Circle, caused development of big Russian bases at Petropavlovsk, Weylin, Komandorskie, St. Law-

rence Bay—largely with help of Nazi experts, who promptly turned naval "secrets" over to the Japs. Japs immediately fortified Paramushiru, northernmost Kurile island, only 640 miles away from Attu—two hours by bomber. Komandorskie is half as near—only 300 miles. When Japan finally comes to grips with Russia in Siberia, there'll be hellzapoppin' in the Aleutians and neighboring isles.

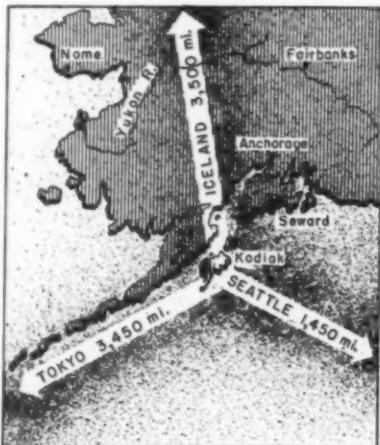
Strategic importance of Jap-occupied Aleutians; they are equidistant (2,000 miles) from Tokyo, Midway, Sitka; 3,000 miles from Manila, Honolulu, Seattle. Thus they can control entire North Pacific-West Coast area. They dominate approaches to Bering Strait, through which via new Northwest Passage, Russia has developed an all-water supply line for Siberian bases.

If Japan is to be stopped from dominating this vital sector, closer cooperation between U. S. and USSR units is essential. Weather and aviation units already exchange vital information, but military liaison is not fully established, largely because U.S. was slow in developing

Formation of U. S. Navy planes flies over one of the volcanic Aleutian Islands. It's a big job, patrolling these isles of fog and cold which stretch for 1,500 miles out into North Pacific vastness.

ing Aleutian bases. Billy Mitchell warned 10 years ago that Alaska was "most strategic spot on earth"; other strategists saw Soviet, Jap, Nazi preparations and cried warning. But until shortly before Pearl Harbor, Army had fewer than 300 men to guard Aleutians, had plans for defense posts all in blueprint, none on ground. Still uncharted—by U. S., not by Japs—are many fine Aleutian harbors, still untried are special methods of sub-Arctic warfare.

Duty in the Aleutians is hell in a mud-hole. There is only one bar for 1,000 miles: Blackie's Cocktail Lounge in Unalaska. There are no trees beyond Kodiak, just bare, rain-and-wind-swept rocks and scrub. Mud is knee-deep most of the time, and all excavated dirt must be thrown into the sea lest the yellow-brown piles warn enemy planes. Civilian workers earn three times as much as Marine privates for less hours of work, but can't stand the gaff. They sign up for a 3-year contract, then forfeit bonus and passage money to get out of the Aleutian hell of loneliness. Average length of stay is five or six months: the Navy never gets enough workers to put its building program through in quota time, so enlisted help is commandeered. Conditions have been improved lately with erection of recreation hall, canteens, bringing in movies, radios, sports contests for those with enough ambition left after a day's hard labor. But it's tough enough to just stay alive here in peace time: Marines on the alert in the Aleutians would welcome a no-holds-barred finish fight with the Japs on Attu, Agattu, Kiska. At least that way they'd get their minds off the weather.



MARINES FIRST LANDED IN DUTCH HARBOR

IN 1891; FIVE OFFICERS AND 113 ENLISTED MEN DETAILED TO WIPE OUT SEAL POACHING. IN THREE MONTHS THE SITUATION WAS WELL IN HAND. MARINE BOARDING PARTIES HAD MANNED 4 CAPTURED SHIPS.

WHILE BASED AT DUTCH HARBOR MARINES CARRIED OUT SIGNAL, LAND-
ING, SKIRMISH DRILLS, BUILT A 300
YARD RIFLE RANGE. EXHIBITION OF
CLOSE-ORDER DRILL SNOWED NATIVES
INTO COMPLETE COOPERATION.

FROM
DUTCH HARBOR
YOU CAN SEE NINE
ACTIVE VOLCANOES ON
A CLEAR DAY - IF THEY
EVER HAVE A CLEAR DAY.
SIX FEET OF VOLCANIC
ASH HAD TO BE CLEARED
AWAY BEFORE AIRPORT
AND NAVAL BASE
CONSTRUCTION
BEGAN.

THE
OLDEST
ESKIMOS TODAY
WILL STILL TELL
STORIES OF COMING OF
DEVIL-SEA-DOGS, WHO
SO IMPRESSED NATIVES
THAT ALASKA HAS YET
TO HAVE AN "INDIAN
MASSACRE," WAR, OR
REBELLION.

DIGGERS ONE MORNING DISCOVERED 27 SKELETONS SEATED AROUND RIM OF EXCAVATIONS, STARING DOWN AT AN OLD RUSSIAN CANNON.

The Weatherman Goes to War



He Fights On All Fronts

ON the land—on the sea—and especially in the air, there's an unknown soldier who is fighting simultaneously on all fronts. He is consulted before all important operations by the RAF over Europe; he determines the course of every plane and ship in the Aleutians, every flight of the Atlantic Ferry Command. He can bring the Battle of the Libyan Desert to a standstill, just as he stopped the Japs in Burma. He serves with equal skill in the QM Division, the Signal Corps, in aviation, tropical combat, Alaskan guard duty, Atlantic shore patrol. He is World War II's most-in-demand rookie—he's only been in the service a few years. He is the weatherman.

Weather has always been a crucial factor in war, but one looked upon as more or less "the judgment of the gods," something beyond the control of man. It took Adolf Hitler, with his plan to control the universe, to put the weatherman into uniform. As long ago as 1933, Hitler began planning the campaigns which

are being fought today on battlefronts ranging from the icy seas of Murmansk to the burning sands of Libya, from Caucasus canyons to Moscow mudflats—a hundred and one different brands of weather to contend with at once. And each brand required a different type of equipment, ordnance, fighting technique. To make doubly sure that his panzer units would not be thrown out of stride by sudden change in the weather, Hitler decided to make the elements fight for him instead of against him, and sent trained weather observers into all the lands he planned to conquer. Their findings, carefully charted and tabulated, gave him an idea of what to prepare for, what to guard against. They duplicated the Libyan wastes along his Baltic beaches, used synthetic desert conditions to train Rommel's famed Afrika Corps.

They tackled the problems of flying blind through stratosphere and storm clouds, of the effects of altitude, pressure, temperature on plane motors, so that when Hitler struck in September, 1939, his air arm was the most completely informed in the world.

Yet even Hitler's super-scientists were unable to foresee or forestall the terrible winters of '41-'42, which froze the Ger-

Aboard a U. S. weather ship, these men are checking the movements of a trial balloon, observed through the theodolite. Data thus learned—windage, air pressure, humidity — aids in predicting weather at sea and ashore, essential knowledge these days for convoys, U-boats, ferry command.

man blitz before Moscow, and froze the living seed of Europe's crops in the ground so that famine now stalks most of Hitler's territory. Hitler should have heeded the remark of Mark Twain: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

Today, the U. S. Weather Bureau is working overtime to make liars out of both Hitler and Mark Twain. They have stopped people talking about the weather: by now the whole country knows that even a local rainstorm is a military secret. At first we joked about it, and some rugged individualists from the Midwest kept right on publishing the dope. And thereby probably lost our country several thousand tons of shipping. For U-boat commanders picked up the news, sent out on a short wave by fifth columnists, and, charting the progress of a "cold front" or storm center as

it moved from West to East, were able to tell where cloud banks and squalls would be on the ocean, and under their protective cover, rise to the surface for air, battery charging, close-range raiding.

The fact that weather in the Northern hemisphere moves from West to East has been of vital importance in the strategy of the present war. It has helped the Japs and handicapped U. S. forces in the Aleutians: ocean and wind currents both move from Jap bases toward Alaska, and the Sons of Heaven can ride the crest of a patch of good weather before our forces even know of its existence, unless the Soviet weather service, with whom we exchange valuable data, tips us off.

West-east movement of weather plays in our favor in the Atlantic. High percentage of convoy success to Iceland, Ireland, Britain, Russia is largely due to straight dope from weather men posted all along Atlantic Coast, from Florida to Labrador, on weather ships at sea. Germans well know locations of these ships, but have never sunk or molested one of them. Reason: U-boats too use weather information sent by radiosonde in code.

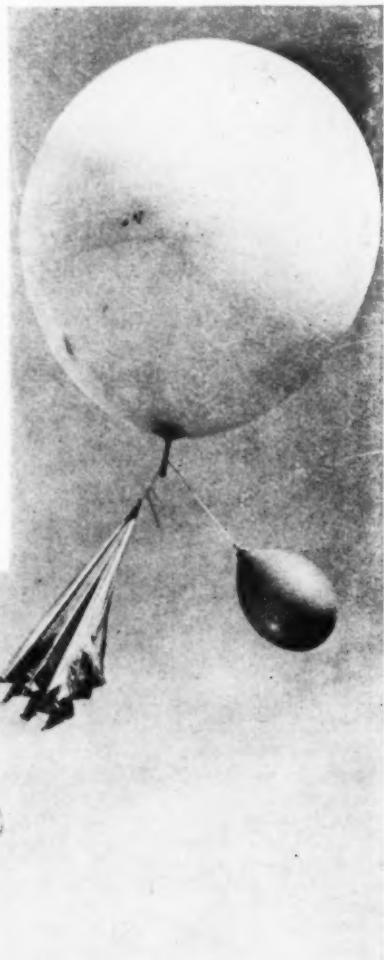
Code has recently been changed to prevent Germans from getting too much in-



formation to make chart-mapping more complete. Remember, only total picture of combined returns from many stations makes long-range prediction possible.

Greenland is as valuable to the Atlantic as Alaska is to the Pacific: it is the home of most storms at sea, and constant checking is necessary if convoys and ferry flights are to avoid heavy weather. A major victory was scored by the weatherman in driving the Nazis out of this strategic outpost. Same is true of Newfoundland, St. Pierre et Miquelon, while we have also had trouble with Nazi weather spies.

Man releasing radiosonde is holding instrument box, hidden by his body. Printing on instrument box tells purpose, offers reward for return to nearest weather station. Hundreds of these are released daily, returned by alert U. S. citizens to help weather bureau chart vital data.



RELEASING A RADIOSONDE

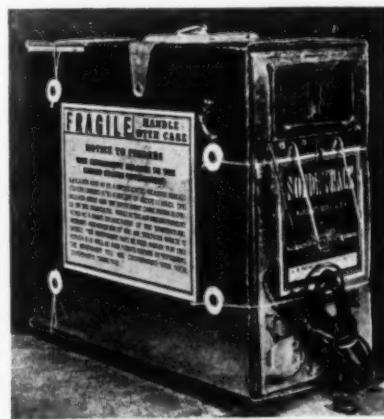
Radiosondes are the weatherman's latest means of checking on conditions in the upper atmosphere, home of "weather breeders." Instrument box, shown in lower right corner, contains small radio sending set, adjusted to flash automatic signals at definite intervals, registering altitude, humidity, temperature, other meteorological data. These are received on special set by trained observers below and recorded on calibration chart to give exact picture of wind, cloud, rain, temperature conditions in any given area with extremely high percentage of accurate prediction.

Balloons are filled with helium, smaller or "stabilizing" balloon on side acting as "drag" to keep larger bag from rising too fast. This bursts at 4 or 5 miles up, big balloon continuing to rise to some 10 or 12 miles before gas pressure on inside forces balloon to explode in thin stratospheric air.

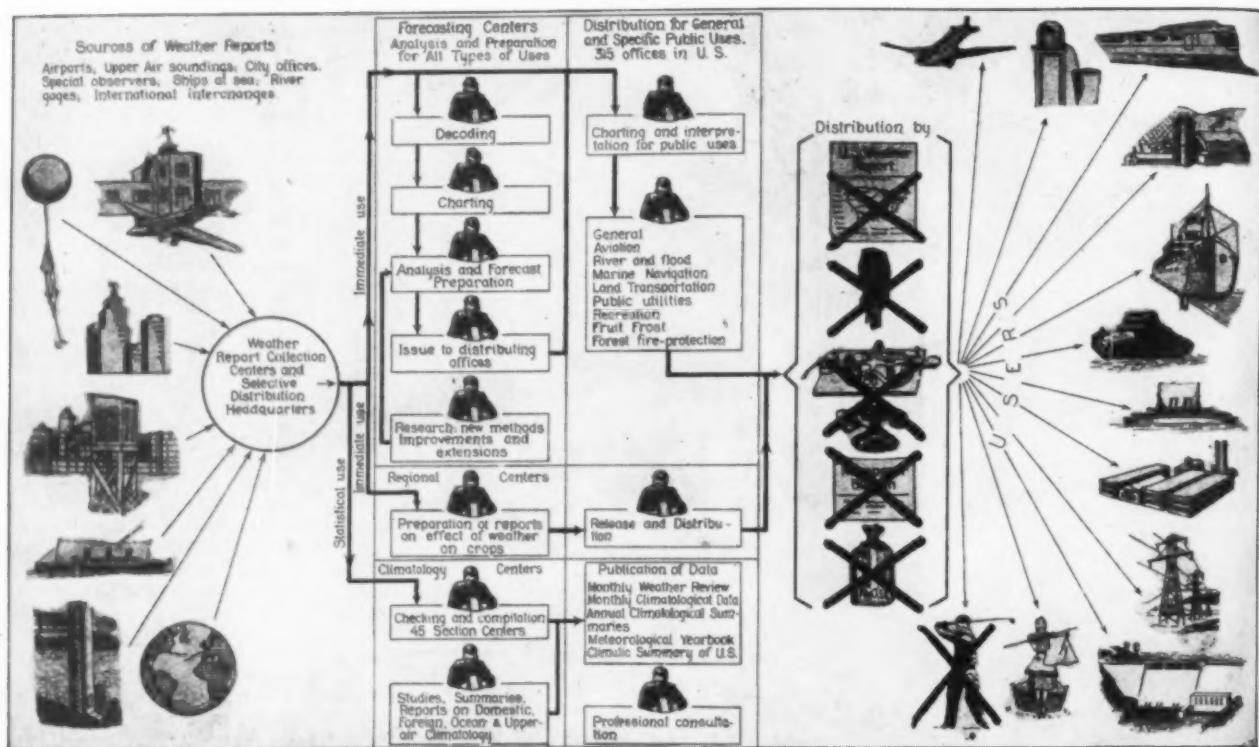
Small parachute then opens to bring down instrument box unharmed. Weather Bureau offers reward for every such box returned to Observing Station. Since many weather stations are located near Marine training camps and air bases, you have a chance to return to the government some \$200 worth of instruments, as well as help the man who helps you, and make a few bucks besides.

Meteorologists (weathermen to you) help Marines in more ways than you suspect. From carefully gathered figures for any given area which you may be sent to, they advise the Quartermaster Corps what type uniform to design and issue, what special equipment is needed, what time of year is best for fighting and occupation, what kinds of food will keep best. They help chart ocean currents and squalls, plan best time for convoys to move with minimum of seasickness.

In this war, the weather does a lot more than sour milk and flood cellars. This is a war of dead reckoning, and old-fashioned almanac methods will bring on old-fashioned funerals for troops facing Axis experts in murder. The meteorologist is one of a dozen specialist units who are backing you. Back him up whenever you can.



HOW THE WEATHER BUREAU WORKS



From lonely lighthouses, busy airports, ships at sea, river gages, balloon recordings, international exchange, from half a hundred sources over thousands of miles, weather bureau experts gather facts and figures. Former methods of distribution are now carefully censored, lest information aid the enemy. Through carefully guarded channels, necessary

facts are sent to military posts, munitions plants, airfields, ships at sea, power plants, food production centers. Private citizens must rely on the old-fashioned almanac, which is 50 per cent guesswork, and 50 per cent based on past probabilities.

Just how the weather bureau can advise defense plants of imminent thunder-

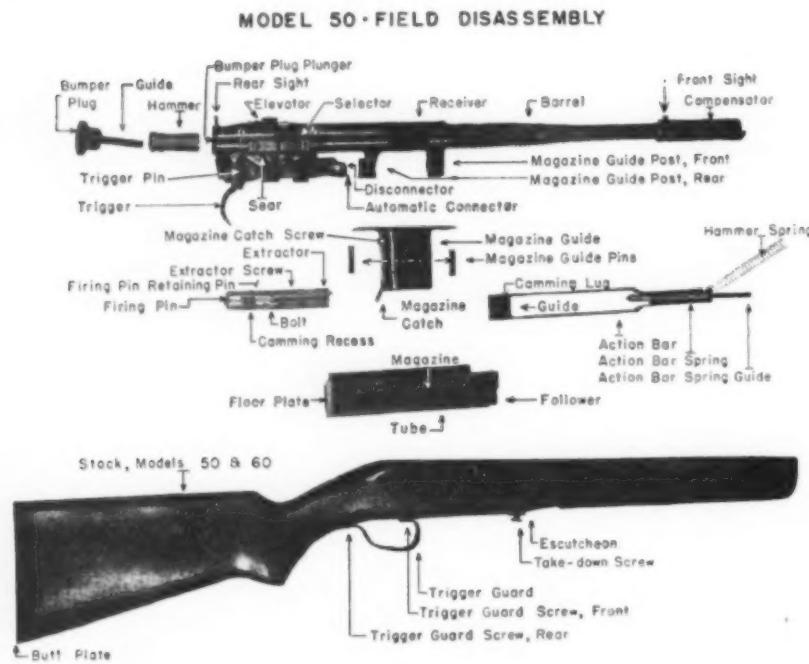
storms, airports of sudden cloudbanks, coastal defenses of incoming fog, is a closely guarded military secret. But the word is getting out, faster and more accurate than ever, and the period of prediction, originally one day at a time, has been jumped to three, five, and even ten days.

Imagine what these facilities can mean in the life of the average citizen after the duration! No more rained out picnics or ball games, freezing football weather, fog-bound yacht or fishing parties. No more duckhunters trapped in sudden blizzards, no more Marines caught in rainstorms in dress blues! Joking aside, the weatherman can work these miracles, after the bigger job of winning the war is done.

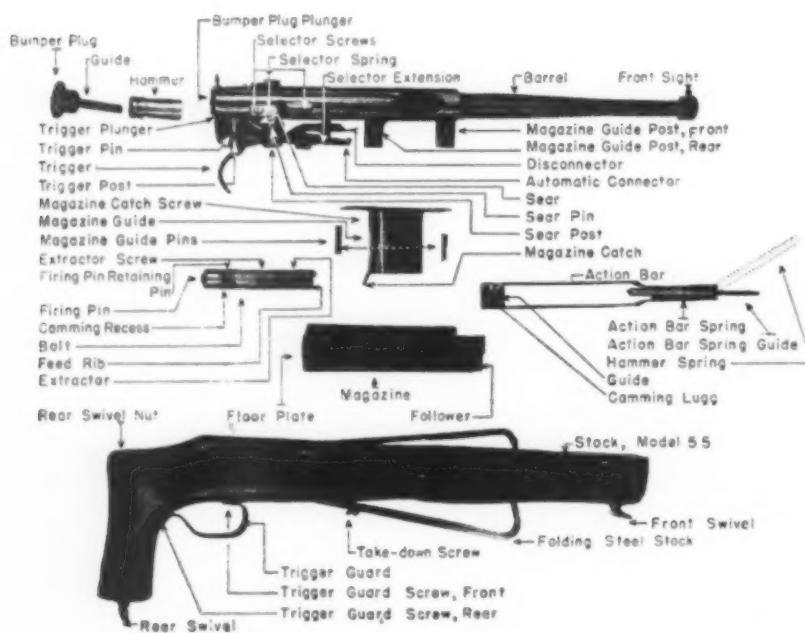




Dope On The Reising



MODEL 55 - FIELD DISASSEMBLY



THAT wicked little weapon, the Reising submachine gun, is taking its place as one of the most important firearms used by United States.

Right now a group of instructors from the Marine Corps Weapons School at Quantico, Va., are going to all of the posts and shore stations from Maine to Florida and as far west as Corpus Christi, Tex., tutoring Marines in the Reising gun. And these instructors' demonstrations, showing the effect of infantry fire with the Reising, has caused much favorable comment about the new weapon.

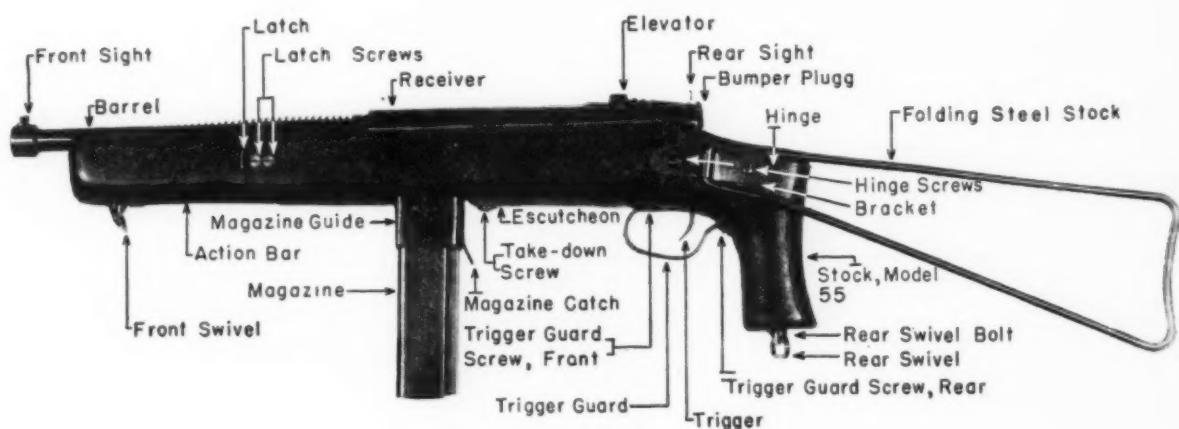
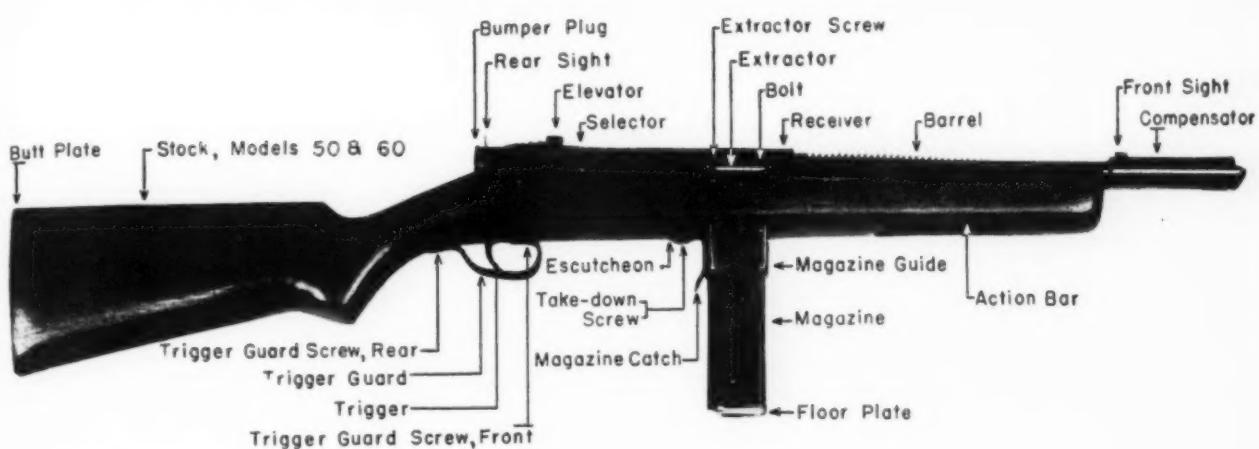
In its present form, the gun weighs only 6½ pounds as compared with the 9¾-pound Thompson submachine gun and the 9½ pounds of the Garand rifle. The Reising M-55 model has a folding butt stock, which cuts down the weight pounds. Eventually, the gun's inventor, Eugene G. Reising, hopes to cut down the weight to five pounds, which the War Department considers ideal for parachute troops, air infantry, motorcycle riders and the close up work of mechanized units.

The Reising submachine gun, Models 50, 55 or 60, is an air-cooled, delayed blow-back, magazine fed hand or shoulder weapon which may be fired from any position and with one or both hands. The exterior surface of the rear part of the barrel is made with radial flanges or cooling fins which radiate the heat from the barrel during firing, thus cooling the barrel.

Type of fire is selective, either automatic or semi-automatic. The weapon is fed from a box type magazine having a capacity of 20 rounds. The gun is intended for intensive fire within a range of 300 yards. Accuracy is high within the stated maximum effective range for this type of weapon since when it is loaded and ready to fire, the round to be fired is chambered, the bolt is in the locked position, and the action is at rest during the period of sighting and aiming the weapon and depressing the trigger, which results only in the motion of the hammer and firing pin.

When a round is fired, the blowback, delayed by the friction of cammed surfaces and the resistance of the action bar spring, is utilized to force the action bar and the bolt to the rear, unlocking the bolt, extracting and ejecting the fired cartridge case, recocking the hammer and compressing the action bar spring. On the termination of the rearward motion of the action bar and bolt, the action bar spring causes the action bar and bolt to move forward. During the forward motion, a cartridge is stripped from the magazine by the feed rib of the bolt and chambered. On termination of the forward motion the weapon is loaded, the bolt locked and the piece is ready for firing.

MODEL 50



MODEL 55

The model numbers indicate only differences in barrel length and size or kinds of stocks. The same mechanism is used in Models 50, 55 and 60, and all parts are interchangeable.

MODEL 50 LIKE CARBINE

Model 50 has a usual rifle stock and a compensator. It has a 11 inch barrel and looks like a carbine. Model 55 has a folding steel stock which gives the weapon unusual compactness and makes it suitable for use by those whose duties require that they be armed with a short and light yet high-powered and accurate firearm. Model 60 is similar to Model 50, except that it has an 18-inch barrel.

The gun is designed to fire cartridges, balls or tracers, caliber .45, M1911 or similar. The magazine holds 20 cartridges. More than 20 cartridges may be loaded into the magazine, but this is apt to cause a malfunction.

When the selector is set on "Full Au-

tomatic (F.A.)" the gun will fire its full load on a continued pressure of the trigger. When the selector is set on "Semi-Automatic (S.A.)" the piece will fire once each time the trigger is depressed, until the magazine is emptied.

Lieut. James G. Petrie and Platoon Sergeant George H. Ward, of the Weapons School, authors of a manual on the new gun, advise before moving the selector from F.A., that you retract the action bar about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to allow the connector to disengage from the action bar, should it be so engaged.

CHANGING MAGAZINE EASY

Loaded magazines are inserted in the magazine guide with the right hand and pressed upward until engaged by the magazine catch. This is a straight line motion which requires neither strength nor precision. Changing magazines is a matter of seconds. Magazines are released by holding pressing magazine

catch to rear with left forefinger and withdrawing.

When the control slide selector is pushed all of the way back it is on "Safe" and the piece can not be fired.

To prepare the gun for firing with a loaded magazine seated in the magazine guide, retract the action bar with the left forefinger, thus cocking the firing mechanism. When the action bar is fully retracted, remove the forefinger and allow the action bar to snap forward, thus loading and locking the piece. All you have to do now is press the trigger.

The rear sight is adjustable to ranges of 50, 100, 200 and 300 yards by raising the rear sight and sliding the elevator forward or back until the ears of the rear sight are able to engage into the desired cuts in the elevator. The sights may be calibrated to a true zero at any desired range by filing down the front sights to raise the center of impact or by deepening the cuts in the

elevator to lower the center of impact.

Most Marines will be required to make only a field disassembly of the Reising. To start this field stripping, remove magazine by pressing magazine catch to the rear. Lay gun down with barrel down and the muzzle to the left. Unwind the takedown screw and remove the stock. Unscrew the bumper plug and remove hammer spring. Then push the action bar to the rear so that dismounting hole in action bar spring guide is visible. Insert end of hammer spring dismounting hole. Push out magazine guide pins, right to left. Remove magazine guide. Hold up ends of connector and disconnector with forefinger of right hand, and with left hand lift forward end of action bar to a 90 degree angle.

Twist out action bar, using care that no strain is put on connector and disconnector. Point muzzle upward, pull trigger and the hammer and the bolt will drop out. The piece is now field stripped.

Reverse the disassembly procedure for assembly: With trigger depressed, place bolt in receiver and slide it forward. Insert hammer, pull trigger and hammer will fall on bolt. Lift ends of connector and disconnector and replace action bar, twisting it in under the ends of the connector and disconnector and laying it in place, action bar camming lug bolt camming recess. Replace magazine guide and pins. Insert action bar spring guide in seat in post and remove hammer spring from dismounting hole. Replacing hammer spring in receiver. Screw bumper plug into place. Replace stock and tighten take-down screw.

PHASES OF FUNCTIONING

For a detail strip, start off just as in a field disassembly. Then relieve tension on trigger pin by pressing down trigger to receiver and push out trigger pin. Remove trigger and disconnector assembly. Remove tension on sear pin and push out same. Remove sear and automatic selector spring. Push out firing pin retaining pin from bolt and remove firing pin and spring. Do not remove extractor and extractor screw from bolt unless prepared to reset extractor screw to prevent its backing out during firing. Remove connector plunger and spring from sear post. Do not attempt to remove bumper plug plunger and spring from seat in receiver. Remove hammer spring from action bar spring guide, allowing action bar spring and guide to be disassembled from action bar. Remove spring from sear, connector plunger, trigger plunger, and forward part of trigger (disconnector spring).

Detailed assembly is accomplished in reverse order. Replace trigger plunger and spring and disconnector spring in trigger. Replace connector plunger and spring in sear post, sear spring in sear, flattened end of sear spring out. Reassemble action bar spring and guide to action bar and insert end of hammer spring in dismounting hole of action bar spring guide, compressing action bar spring by placing fingerpiece of action



The little machine gun may be secured conveniently in the scabbard shown above. Paratroops and air-borne infantry carry the Model 55 in this manner.

bar against edge of table or similar stop and pressing forward on action bar spring guide. Reassemble bolt. Replace selector on received, lay selector spring on selector and screw into place with selector screws. Lay connector stud in connector, stud hole in sear and replace this assembly in sear post, securing with sear pin. Trigger and disconnector assembly is then replaced in trigger post and trigger pin inserted. Continue putting gun together from this point as in field assembly.

The functioning cycle has been divided into three phases: first phase, backward movement of the recoiling

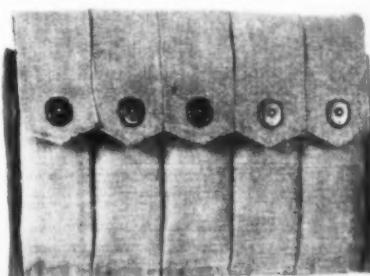
parts; second phase, forward movement of the recoiling parts, and third phase, action of trigger mechanism.

The first phase of functioning begins with the piece loaded and ready to fire. The hammer spring has been compressed and the hammer is held in a cocked position by the sear. Every shot in semi-automatic fire and each first shot of a burst as full automatic is fired through the direct action of the disconnector. When the trigger is pressed, the disconnector, which is assembled to the trigger, is caused to move forward, and since the disconnector is in engagement with the sear, the sear rotates on its pin and releases the hammer.

THREE MOVING PARTS

The release hammer, under action of the compressed hammer spring strikes the firing pin, which transmits the blow to the primer of the chambered cartridge. Unless the bolt is in its fully locked position the piece will not fire, for the firing pin will engage the hole in the hammer. The expanding gasses formed by the discharge of the cartridge exert pressure against the face of the bolt, causing the bolt to unlock and move to the rear, the camming recess in the bolt working on the camming lug of the action bar thus moving the action bar rearward with the bolt, compressing the action bar spring. The bolt being cammed out of the locking shoulder in the receiver and the resistance of the action bar spring delays the overcoming of the inertia of the moving parts until the bullet has left the muzzle and chamber pressures have subsided. As the bolt moves to the rear the extractor and residual pressure extracts the empty cartridge case which is cammed out through the ejection opening when the ejector comes in contact with the case. During this rearward action the action bar cams the disconnector out of engagement with the sear, allowing the sear to engage the hammer under action of the sear spring. The hammer spring is compressed over the guide in the bumper plug. When pressure on the trigger is released, the disconnector engages the sear once more under action of the disconnector spring.

The second phase of action is the forward movement of the action bar and bolt under the action of the compressed action bar spring. The feed rib of the



Ammunition Pouch for Reising.

bolt strips the top cartridge from the magazine and carries it into the chamber. The bolt nearing its foremost position is cammed up into the locking shoulder of the receiver by the camming lug of the action bar working in the camming recess in the bolt. The piece is

a comparable weapon. Because of the simplicity of its construction the tolerance of error allowable in the Reising are much wider, making it entirely practical to manufacture the gun in any machine shop without special tools. Actually a large part of the machine tools



The Model 55 measures only 22 inches overall, is paratroops' favorite.

now loaded and cocked, ready to be fired.

In the third phase with the selector set at semi-automatic, the extension of the selector holds the automatic connector out of the path of the action bar and the piece fires one shot each time the trigger is depressed as described in the first phase.

In the third phase, with the selector set at full automatic, the first shot of any string of shots is fired through action of the disconnector as detailed in the first phase. Since the extension on the selector no longer prevents the connector from engaging with the action bar, and since pressure on the trigger has not been released, the hook of the connector resides into the connector recess in the rear of the action bar under the action of the connector plunger spring. When the bolt and the action bar have gone almost completely forward into a locked position, the action bar exerts a pull on the connector, which, being attached to the sear, causes the sear to rotate on its pin and release the hammer, thus causing the piece to fire. This same action continues until the magazine has been emptied or the trigger released. Upon releasing pressure, the trigger under action of the trigger plunger spring rotates on its pin and the trigger stud bears against the rear arm of the connector, forcing the connector out of the path of the action bar. The connector then re-engages the sear.

When the selector is set at "Safe," the extension of the selector disengages the disconnector from the sear and prevents movement of the connector. The piece can not be fired.

The Reising has only three moving parts—the hammer, bolt and action bar—as compared with eight in the Thompson gun. It is thus easier to turn out Reising guns than it is to make any one of the three most complex parts of

used at the present time to produce the Reisings are 50 years old.

Although special tools are not required, several are being used to speed production. Notably, the Reising barrels are being rifled by the broaching method. Heretofore, gunmakers have rifled barrels by a process requiring the tool to make a number of trips through the barrel, cutting the rifling grooves deeper each time. By broaching, the 11-inch barrel of the Reising Model 50 is rifled in one trip through, taking only one minute instead of the old method's 15 minutes. With installation of an automatic lathe, only 12 minutes would be required to finish a barrel from solid steel bar to final bluing.

One reason for the Reising's accuracy is the compensator, which is screwed onto the muzzle like a silencer. Slots on

The .45-caliber bullet leaves the muzzle at velocity of 900 feet the second. Velocity and the bullet size both figure in the hitting force and penetrating power. Rifle and carbine bullets tend to drill a clean hole through a man, and he may continue to advance for some yards after being struck in certain parts of his body. The .45 caliber slug, on the other hand, will almost always knock a man down or spin him around—a valuable asset in close-up fighting where it is necessary to disable the other fellow before he can get you.

The Reising gun usually takes the 20-shot clip magazine, but a 50-round drum may be used if wanted.

Because of the gun's simplicity, it can be sold for around \$85. In military mass production it can be produced for \$45 to \$50. A comparable submachine gun in wide use over the world now costs \$225.

Unlike other submachine guns, the Reising does not have to be lubricated continuously, and army tests at the Aberdeen, Md., proving grounds showed that it could even be fired when dry of oil. In these tests, 3,470 rounds were fired with but two failures, one due to defective cartridge and the other ascribed to incomplete locking of the breech.

ABOUT THE INVENTOR

Inventor Eugene G. Reising holds more than 60 patents on pistols and guns. Many experts consider his .22 caliber automatic pistol the best ever made in this country.

Mr. Reising was born at Port Jervis, N. Y., the son of a railroad engineer. The Reisings are an old American family. The first Reising came to Delaware, from Sweden, in 1635.

Eugene Reising went to Lehigh University for three years. Then he quit school and went to Texas, where he worked on cattle ranches for a while. On returning north, the young inventor went to work



Folding steel stock makes for more accuracy with Model 55.

its top side permit the gases leaving the muzzle to expand upward, while a small shelflike projection on the under side of the compensator takes a downward push from the gases, and these two effects combine to keep the muzzle down and on the target, eliminating almost all of the "jump" of the muzzle. The recoil, or kick, also is very slight.

for Colt, testing and selling arms. He helped John Browning develop the famed Colt .45 automatic pistol.

Just before World War I, Reising designed a simplified machine gun. Later he designed repeating and automatic rifles for a number of leading manufacturers. The keynote of nearly all of his 30 designs is ease of manufacture.

THE UNCONQUERED PEOPLE



CONQUERED Europe is fighting back. Conquered? The voices borne on the winds of freedom, those winds which never cease to blow, tell once again that free men cannot be conquered.

Men and women who have escaped, and smuggled letters from those still enslaved, tell of the fight which does not cease. Short-wave broadcasts from secret stations, operated under penalty of torture and death, pierce the ether; underground newspapers pass from hand to hand until they reach a free border; confidential agents slip secret reports through to governments-in-exile, and a waiting world. The story is revealed, too, by the Quislings and other henchmen of the "New Order" who publish new orders against sabotage and resistance. Out of their misery, the united peoples of Europe are writing a noble page in the history of human freedom.

Hitler's victories came so suddenly that the people in the occupied countries were stunned into numb acceptance. Their one problem was to keep alive, eat, find a place to sleep. Moreover, the policy of the German Army in France, Belgium, Norway was to appear as "correct" as possi-

ble. Part of Hitler's strategy of plunder was for his army to seem good-natured and mannerly. But by its very nature the "New Order" could not long hide its true purposes: wholesale plunder, economic slavery, complete Nazification.

SMOKE SIGNALS

Gradually small fires of resistance were lighted on the Continent. Forbidden to bow when Nazi officials appeared on the screen, Parisians took to clearing their throats and coughing loudly. One theater audience coughed so long and so loudly that the auditorium lights were flashed on, and a Nazi officer strode across the stage. "Who coughed?" he demanded. There was no answer until an old man rose in the rear of the theater and called out. "Nobody here coughed." "Who coughed?" again demanded the Nazi. "The Unknown Soldier," quietly replied the old man.

In Norway, when Nazi columns swung down the street, the Norwegians turned their backs and faced store windows and doorways. Although German was taught in practically all Norwegian schools, Norwegians suddenly were unable to speak

a word of German or understand any command issued by the occupying forces. "Prepare for the day to come," read one appeal circulated to Norwegians. "And in the meantime treat Germans and Quislings as if they were nonexistent. . . . Do not speak a single word and do not perform a single act that may be useful to the Germans."

More than 10,000 persons have escaped from Norway since the occupation, risking their lives in small boats across the perilous waters of the North Sea, or crossing from Sweden into Russia and making the long trek east to our Pacific Coast. Many of those who escaped have received air training in Canada under the auspices of the Royal Norwegian Government-in-Exile and fly or will soon fly with the United Nations against the Axis.

On Armistice Day last year mimeographed handbills were circulated throughout Brussels signed "Vive la Belgique Indépendante." Risking their lives, the people of Brussels demonstrated before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, great crowds swirling through the streets to lay flowers on the tomb. German staff cars had difficulty plowing through the clogged traffic. Feeling that sense of unity and strength of numbers which often sweeps through a crowd, Belgians shouted insults at the Germans, arousing a group of stiff-necked officers to the point where one among them reached for his revolver and shot at the people.

"HURRY UP, FRITZ"

Back in England after a raid over the Continent, a young British bomber sergeant reported that Dutch tulip fields had been planted to resemble huge Dutch flags. In Brittany, when R.A.F. planes flew overhead, the Bretons did not make for cover. "Hurry up, Fritz!" they cried to the disciplined German soldiers who dashed for shelter. "Hurry up, the R.A.F. is on your heels!" Breton sailors, forced to take German soldiers aboard their fishing boats as observers when they sailed into the English Channel, became conveniently lost in fog and mist and landed at ports in the south of England, where the German soldiers were turned over to the British.

When 4,000 workers at the Philips electrical company in the Dutch city of Eindhoven were granted permission to hold a parade in celebration of the plant's fiftieth anniversary, it suddenly became a giant procession—more than 20,000 persons joined the line of march, many of them wearing orange flowers, representing the royal House of Orange. At the head of the procession was a huge model of a radio, its front shielded by a curtain. When the wind blew back the curtain, onlookers caught a glimpse of a portrait of Wilhelmina, their exiled Queen.

Leading Dutch newspapers were compelled to print obituary notices of Dutch Nazis killed on the Russian front, the notices reading that these men had fallen "in the struggle against Bolshevism, for Leader, People, and Fatherland." Many people cut out these notices and returned

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Boy, That's Tobacco!" Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin.

IN A CIGARETTE,

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf . . . These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering . . . worth acting on . . . next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1





them to the newspaper offices labeled, "Splendid," "Hearty congratulations," or "A thousand more like him should be killed."

Out of the misery of the occupation a new body of humor has arisen—the resistance joke. Like the songs once sung by the troubadours, these stories spread from the top of Norway to the tip of Greece, varying in content but similar in framework. For example, there's the one about the Nazi soldiers who got drunk in a Norwegian coastal village, commandeered a car, and drove wildly through the streets. Finally they careened down a dark pier and into the sea, promptly sinking. The Gestapo hurried to the scene and questioned an old fisherwoman at the end of the pier. "Did you see the car coming?" they asked her. "Yes," she said. "Well, why didn't you stop it?" they demanded. "Why should I?" said the old lady, shrugging her shoulders. "I thought they were on their way to England!"

HE WHO LAUGHS—LAST

Hundreds of clandestine printing presses hidden throughout occupied Europe turn out secret newspapers, bringing to their readers news of the outside world and stories forbidden by the Nazi press. Belgium has 40 such underground papers, and their titles reveal their purpose: *La Libre Belgique* (Free Belgium), *Vers la Victoire* (Onward to Victory), *Bec et Ongles* (Tooth and Nail), *Le Front de Résistance* (Front Line of Resistance), *Tenir* (Hold Out), etc. Both mimeographed and printed, smaller in size than our tabloids, these papers warn of neighbors who are Nazi spies and Quisling, tell where the British short wave can be located on radio dials, and print pictures of allied leaders smuggled from abroad. They anxiously follow public opinion in America, occasionally reprinting the Gallup Poll. More than 100 underground papers are printed in Poland, both dailies and weeklies. They gather their news by secretly listening to allied short-wave broadcasts. Paper, ink, photographs, even small hand-operated printing presses are dropped to them by parachute. Under

Nazi law the penalty is death or torture for reporting, publishing, distributing, or reading the underground papers. And still most of the papers carry the message: "Po przeczytaniu oddaj drugiemu" ("After having read the paper give it to another").

SLOWER AND SLOWER

Pierre Laval's return to power in the Vichy government was followed by a fresh wave of unrest and sabotage—symbolic of freedom-loving Frenchmen's hatred of collaboration with the enemy. Troop trains were mysteriously assaulted; loaded with German soldiers, one of them was blown up near Caen in Normandy, 10 miles from the English Channel. Fifteen Nazis were killed. Two Nazi radio towers were dynamited to earth; Nazi office buildings were sniped at and bombed out.

Small, individual acts of sabotage may seem futile, but their true power can be understood if they are seen as one ripple in a mighty ground swell of resistance. Sacks containing wheat have been slashed so that when the much-needed grain has arrived in Germany it is spilled across the

floor of the train. Cables have been cut, railroad bridges dynamited. Railroad and telephone lines near Lyon have been destroyed.

Skillful industrial sabotage, especially of complicated machinery, has been difficult to detect during inspection. Inferior assembly work on mobile units manufactured in French factories for use by the German military often has not revealed itself until the truck or tractor has taken to the road, causing break-downs and crucial delays in transportation.

The Czechs have mastered the art of industrial sabotage.

In addition to the countless V signs that sprang up magically on sidewalks, signboards, posters, and sides of buildings everywhere, the Czechs have drawn pictures of turtles, symbolizing the industrial slowdown in their factories. Oil wagons have been punctured, troop trains sent crashing into each other, ammunition incorrectly sorted. One shipment of 20 million pieces of tampered-with ammunition had to be returned to a Czechoslovakian factory because if German retouch workers had attempted to attach time fuses they would have been blown sky high. One factory conveniently lost a cancellation slip and worked for several weeks on an order the Germans did not want, thus wasting invaluable raw materials. In a factory at Letovice, important casts for urgent work were discovered hidden in a warehouse after 2 weeks of diligent search. Tiny defects have been uncovered on airplane parts. Occasionally, machines have been run so fast that they have caught fire, or been worn out long before their normal life spans.

Strikes have been called in factories using huge furnaces just before the furnaces must be stoked. Once they go out, it takes at least 48 hours to fire them again, and precious time has been lost to the German war machine. Finished war materials, desperately needed on the Russian front, have been misdirected to Berlin, while trainloads of useless scrap iron

(Turn to page 70)



THE LEATHERNECK

UH--JIST TO REMIND YOU LEATHERNECKS
THAT I KNOW US COMMANDOS AIN'T NOTHIN'
NEW. THE MARINES WAS COMMANDOS FER
THE LAST HUNDERD AN' FIFTY YEARS
ER MORE. SCUSE ME --- I GOTTA PLUG
A NOTHER NAZI...
S'LONG.



GYRENE GYNGLES



The Corregidor Hymn

*From the fox-holes of Mariveles
To the smoking shores of Cavi-tee,
We fought monkey people from Nippon
On the land and on the sea.*

*First to jump for holes and tunnels
And to keep our skivvy drawers clean,
We are proud to claim the title
Of Corregidor's Marines.*

*Our drawers unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun.*



*We have jumped into every hole and ditch,
And for us the fightin' was fun.*

*We have lived on fried grasshoppers
And dehydrated potatoes and beans.
And some said Japs were barbecued by
Mess Sergeants' of Corregidor's Marines.*

*We have plenty of guns and ammunition
But not many cigars and cigarettes.
At the last we may be smoking leaves
Wrapped in Nipponese propaganda leaflets.*

*In the jungles of Battery Point
And in Bataan's gloomy ravines,
We killed many ambitious Japs
Who called on us Marines.*

*When the Army and the Navy
Looked out Corregidor's Tunnel Queen,
They saw the beaches guarded
By more than one Marine.*

—AUTHOR, NAME UNKNOWN,
A MEMBER OF FOURTH MARINES,
CAPTURED BY JAPANESE.

The Marine Sergeant

*Sure the Sergeant's big and rough,
And he talks pretty gruff.*

*He struts along at a parade
As if he had the whole world
made.*

*Rookies growl and glare
But little does he care.
You can take your pay and
bet
He'll make civilians, soldiers
yet.*

*And when the ground begins to shake
And the battle's up at stake—
Listen to the Sergeant's cussin', well,
Though he lead you through hell.*

H. W. W. Riddle.



Memories of a Mess Cook

*I've fed all kinds of animals,
From horses down to dogs.
I've thrown raw meat to tigers
And mixed up slop for hogs.*

*They all eat just about the same,
Though some are almost neat
Compared with one set of critters
Whose manners just can't be beat.*

*They belong to the Marine detachment
On the Battleship New York —
They think a knife is for stabbing,
And they never heard of a fork.*

*There never seems to be food enough
At any of their chows.
At sea they always want fresh milk.
They must believe in sea-going cows.*

*It's a terrible sight when they start eating,
Someday somebody's going to get killed.*



*A Private would stab a Sergeant—
Just to get his plate refilled.*

*If they ever get to heaven,
To St. Peter they will yell:
"How about a piece of Heavenly steak
Cooked over the fires of Hell?"*

—C. T. DONLEY, U.S.M.C.

THE LEATHERNECK

GIST

OF THE MONTH'S NEWS

TRENDS

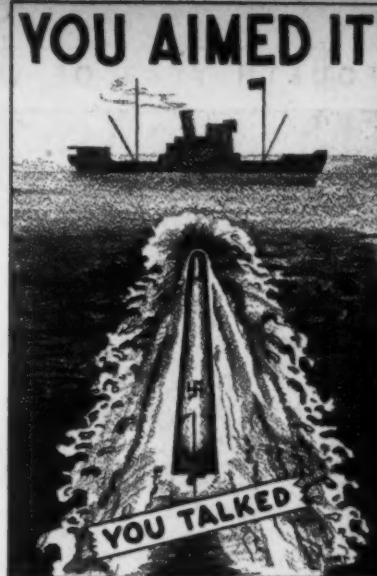
U. S. MORALE PENDULUM SWINGS TO OPTIMISM with news of Solomon Is. victory, but news in general continues to be bad, particularly from Caucasus, Caribbean, home front.

U. S. ARMY BOMBERS, now based all around the world, strike deadly blows at Axis supply lines in raids on Europe, Libya, China, Alaska, South Pacific.

JAPAN, ON THE DEFENSIVE FOR FIRST TIME, hardly knows which way to turn next. If she doesn't decide soon, U. S. flyers and Marines may settle it for her, with further attacks in Pacific, Alaska, China coast.

Russia, ON THE RUN IN THE CAUCASUS, begs desperately for relief of second front in Europe. U. S. and British officers confer in London, promise action; heavy air and Commando raids along invasion coast hint at things to come.

JAPS FAIL TO GAIN IN ALEUTIANS, under constant bombardment by U. S. planes and subs. Alaska railroad, highway defenses rushing to completion before winter sets in.



THE MARINES HAVE LANDED

SEE PAGES 36-37

MEDITERRANEAN FRONT BLOOMS WITH BOMBS, with land action at standstill while naval and air forces slug it out in battle of supply lines. British lose warships, but get convoy through to Malta. U. S. bombers play increasingly active role.

ITALIANS HAVE ANOTHER BAD MONTH, as Yugoslav guerrillas knock around Mussolini's regulars, Rommel sends Dagos to rear lines in disgust, British ships shell Rhodes, Italian naval base, leave it in flames.

U-BOAT MENACE LESSENS SOMEWHAT IN ATLANTIC, but oil shortage continues to be acute, Navy still hard up for convoy vessels, East Coast still dimmed out.

ARGENTINA, BRAZIL, CHILE move nearer open war on Axis after ship sinkings off their coasts, 5th column work within their shores, convinces them that neutrality does not mean safety.

RAF, U. S. AIR FORCES, SOVIET FLYERS hand Germany heaviest air bombing yet: Hamburg, Duesseldorf, Duisburg, Konigsberg all hard hit. Occupied Europe takes raids as sign invasion may soon occur, increases sabotage and underground preparations despite wholesale slaughter of hostages, razing of entire towns by jittery Nazis.

AUSTRALIA BREATHES EASIER after Solomons battle, begins big spy hunt, rushes training centers for further attack units, sends heavy air units to pound Japs in New Guinea.

BUT U. S. PRODUCTION FALLS OFF, confusion in Washington grows with approach of elections. It is still a "Hollywood war," a political campaign to most U. S. leaders.



THE PEOPLE ARE PUZZLED

The public should have been pleased this month. There was good news aplenty, from the Solomons to the Invasion Coast. Yet U. S. morale did not appreciably improve. The people had their minds on other less pleasant prospects, right in their own back yards. While foreign bigwigs and international commentators spouted glittering generalities about the world of tomorrow, Johnny Q. Public began asking a few questions about the U. S. today.

Specifically, he wanted to know:

What about the Second Front? When are we going to stop talking about it and tipping Hitler off? When are we going to do something about our promise to our fighting ally, Russia?

What about the Fifth Column? What about those parachutist scares in Maryland and New York? What about that "Air

Marker Hoax" that sucked in the news magazines—TIME included?

What about the straight dope on production? (He liked Elmer Davis' first report to the nation, with no punches pulled. He was glad to hear: "We have done a lot, but not enough. We are only ankle-deep in this war yet.") When will we get in deeper? When do we take off the wraps?

Why was LIFE magazine banned from the mails for its article on Detroit (a relief from Charlie, the Seal)? If the facts are true, why hasn't the government controlled labor? Why does the Navy have to take over strike-bound factories like the one in Bayonne, N. J.? When are workers going to work for victory and not for value received?

What about that combined Army-Navy command? Is Admiral Leahy's appointment as aide to FDR going to settle the old differences between the services? When will brass hats be turned in for scrap in exchange for field hats? What about those "cellophane commissions": easy to see thru, but they keep out the draft? What about the Tony Martin exchange of a big car for a Navy berth—how much of that is going on?

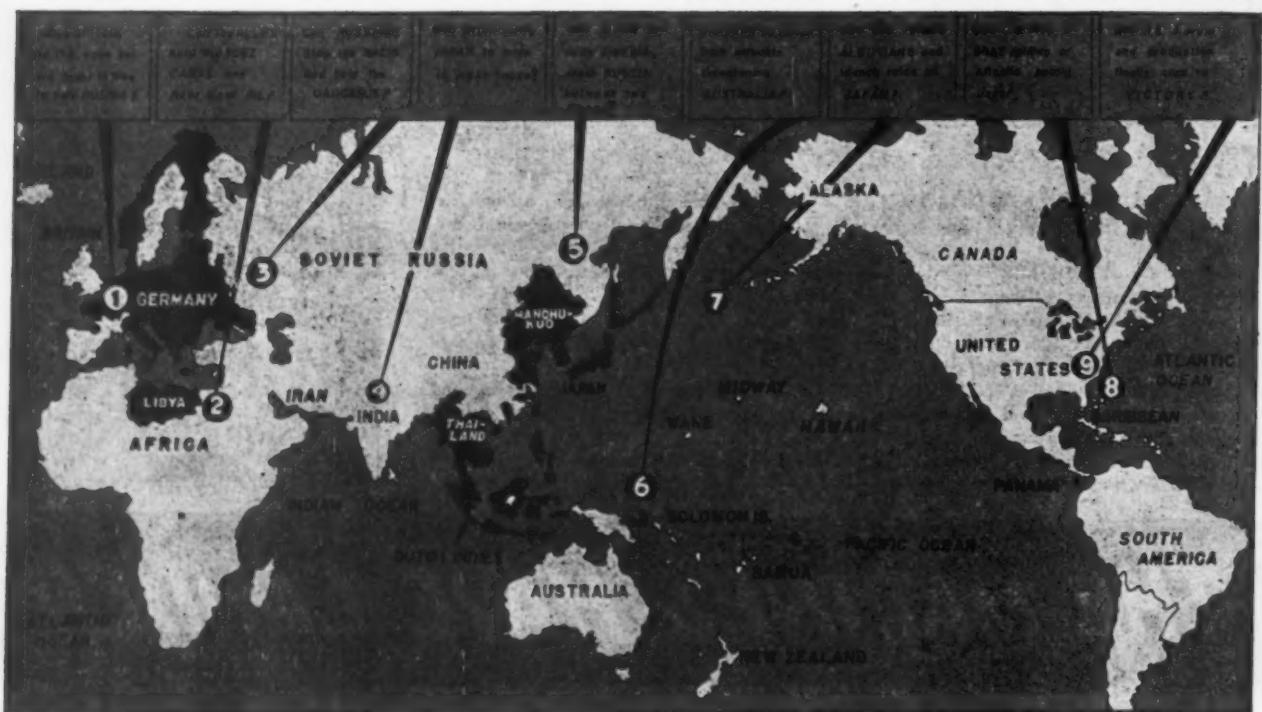
What about rationing? Why, when we produce more beef than ever before, must we go meatless, while shipments pile up on docks or rot at the bottom in torpedoed freighters?

What about Congress, and the local leaders who care more about winning the election than winning the war?

What about facing facts instead of clouding the issue with a lot of words?

The people can take it, if it means winning the war. They want to know why no one asks them to.

FOURTH YEAR OF WAR—WILL IT ANSWER THESE \$64 QUESTIONS?



BY THE NUMBERS

1. Will Britain and U. S. open second front in time to help Russia?

Recent Churchill-Stalin-U. S. conference in Moscow, increasingly strong Commando landings on French coast, heavy U. S. and RAF all-weather air raids, rising wave of sabotage and stealing of small weapons and ammunition in France, arrival of big Canadian reinforcements and U. S. official staff—all indicate zero hour is approaching.

But—experts agree that attack without knocking out Nazis' formidable coast defenses first, without massing at least a half million men at one point (requires over a million tons of shipping to transport them across Channel), without sustained control of air, sea, beachheads is plain suicidal. They feel that United Nations are not ready for all-out attack, will make only diversionary thrusts, painful to Hitler's rear but unlikely to cause his withdrawal in Russia.

The failure of the second front to materialize sooner is another case of weakness of supply lines—too little, too late.

2. Can the Allies hold the Suez Canal and Near East Oil?

Chances look better in Egypt than elsewhere along Allied fronts. U. S. B-24's, heavy naval units, troop reinforcements have bolstered British in Mediterranean, played havoc with Rommel's supply lines and bases, left British free to attack Axis

bases like Rhodes, build up Eighth Army's defenses in Egypt.

But better desert fighting weather will come in October-November, and Rommel is bound to make a last thrust to close the jaws of the pincers. British have replaced Gen. Auchinleck with Gen. Alexander, in charge of Dunkirk and Burma retreats, so it doesn't look as tho they plan any attack soon.

Greatest danger is that Nazis will cross the Caucasus and attack rich Iraq-Iran oil fields from north. Defenses here are weak.

3. Can Russians stop Nazis and hold the Caucasus?

They have already lost a good part of it, including valuable oil fields, but have managed to avoid being trapped and "annihilated," even in the Nazi press reports. At the best place to dig in and stand fast (probably the Baku-Tiflis-Batum line in the mountains) they will undoubtedly offer the same stubborn defense they put up before Moscow last fall and winter. If they can keep Hitler from reclaiming the scorched oil fields, and stall him off through another winter, chances are they can regain the offensive.

Russia still looks too big for Hitler to swallow, but what big jaws you have, Grandma Schickelgruber.

4. Will India invite Japan to move in "open house"?

Gandhi has already done it—and been thrown in jail as a result. His followers flared into violent reaction: riots in Bom-

bay, strikes in Allahabad. India is seething with discontent, both with the British and with weather-vane native leaders. A Jap invasion might be the one thing to unite the nation, as in China. Nippon's communication lines are long and shaky in this direction, with both China and Siberia a threat to the rear.

Japan will not attack India in force until she controls China's railways, has Russia in hand, can spare men from other fronts to launch full-scale invasion.

5. Will Japan invade Siberia, crush Russia between two fronts?

Soviet Russia is a big nut to crack. Stalin has kept his Far Eastern forces virtually intact, rushed defenses facing Japs massed on Manchukuo border. Japan has been ready to attack here since June, but got cues mixed with Hitler, moved against Aleutians instead. Now increased pressure from United forces in Solomons, China, Alaska may keep Japs from ever making the move. If they give up the idea, move forces south to attack China, India, they will be double-crossing Hitler. It won't be the first time.

6. Will Japs be driven from outposts threatening Australia?

Recapture of Solomons has been hailed as first in string of such victories. But when full cost is revealed, it will be realized that United troop strength is not enough yet to maintain killing pace. Decisive factor here is control of sea lanes

supplying island bases. To win this, United naval forces seem to be forcing Jap fleet, weakened by Coral Sea, Midway, Solomons defeat, into a major showdown.

Large-scale sea-air victory in Southwest Pacific, shattering Jap supply lines, must be won before many more landings can be effected.

7. Can U. S. retake Aleutians, launch raids on Japan?

We can and we will: it seems just a question of time. Nips have shown no land-based planes there for weeks now, indicating they have been unable to build large air fields. U. S. Navy reports constant bombing of existing Jap toeholds, frequent submarine and surface craft attack, resulting in costly destroyer losses and cruiser damage to Nip ships. Chief problem here is difficulty of transporting large landing parties through fog-bound, rock-clogged waters which Japs know better than we do. Present strategy seems to be to let Japs wear themselves out on thankless task of converting rocks and shoals into workable bases, save our strength for a thrust which will carry far beyond the Aleutians into Jap bases in the Kurile islands. But it may not be until this time next year.

8. Can U. S. stop U-boat raiding of Atlantic supply lines?

July ship losses were less than June, but we are still losing more tons per day than we are launching. Convoy system seems working answer to U-boat threat, but it takes a lot of ships and blimps. Axis subs are still rampant in the Caribbean and South Atlantic. Mexican authorities swear they are being refueled and supplied by secret bases over here (not in Mexico). Brazil is on verge of declaring war after torpedoing of 5 ships, some carrying troops.

Axis is still winning war of South Atlantic supply lines. We are being forced into the air, with fleets of giant cargo planes.

9. Will U. S. morale and production finally click to victory?

Not in 1942 or 1943. There is too much yet to be done on too many fronts, beginning with less charity at home. We must have thousands more seasoned troops, thousands more tons of shipping to transport them, thousands more guns, tanks, planes, equal to the latest Axis products, thousands more good officers to match experienced Axis staffs abroad, and a few thousand less politicians, labor leaders, armchair strategists and neighborhood yardbirds at home before we can begin to think about "what to do with Germany and Japan after the war." We know what they would do with us.

A QUESTION OF TIMING

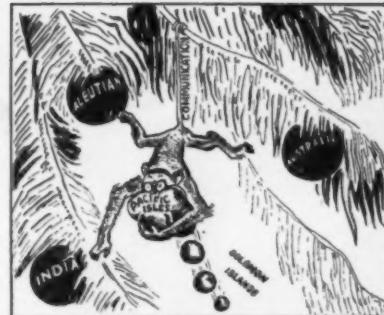
At this point in the war, Japan and the U. S. are faced with almost identical problems: which way to throw their maximum strength next, and when. Japan did have a wide choice: Alaska, Hawaii, Pacific Islands, Australia, India, China, Siberia, to complete the circle. Yet oddly enough during the past month Tojo ordered no major move in any of these directions. In fact, Japan was on the defensive.

In the Aleutians, there is daily bombing of the Jap bases on Attu, Agattu, and Kiska, where an estimated Jap force of 12,000 is waiting word for further advances. 28 Nip warships have already been hit in these waters, six of them definitely sunk. Army and Navy bombers operate in "suicidal" weather, facing the added threat of Jap Zero planes converted into seaplanes —first fast single-seat sea-fighters of the war. Yet U. S. forces appear to be growing stronger here; Japan has not yet dug in deep enough to take further risks.

In China, Chiang Kai-Shek's forces grabbed back a piece of the vital Shanghai-Changsha railway, drove their Bad Neighbors out of strategic towns on three different fronts. U. S. Army bombers kept Jap air forces on the defensive, relieved pressure so that Chinese cities opened shop without danger of Jap raids for first time in two years.

Along the Siberian border, Jap troop masses waited word from Tokyo—word which cannot wait much longer if operations are to be successful before early Arctic winter sets in.

A Jap move against India would crystallize Hindu opinion against the Sons of Heaven, expose Jap communication lines. Japan would rather see India divided, embittered, operating a fifth column against United Command. India is to Japan as Vichy is to Germany: a poisoned splinter jammed into United Nations thumbs, mak-



STRAIN ON HON. TAIL

ing "sighting in" on a second front difficult and painful.

As for Australia, the Marines have already solved Jap problem there. Nips missed the boat—and plenty of their own—by not attacking sooner, now must take the defensive against onrushing United forces.

The U. S. too is still on the defensive: Our Alaskan territory in invaders' hands, our Atlantic Coast blacked out and fouled with oil from sunken tankers, the Caribbean aprawl with Axis sub-packs. We too have a choice of moves: Open the "second front"? Drive the Axis out of the eastern Mediterranean? Send all aid to Russia? Push our advantage in the Solomons? Drive the Japs out of the Aleutians? Make another Doolittle raid on Tokyo? Recapture Wake? Strengthen India and China?

There are as many possibilities as there are cards in the deck, countries in the war. United Command, with more angles to consider than the Axis, is sitting up nights trying to figure the answers. It is mainly a question of timing: the right play at the right time. At the moment, United strategy of "wait until the moment is ripe" seems to have the edge over Axis idea of "force the universe to follow your timetable."



THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T RUSH



THE MARINES HA

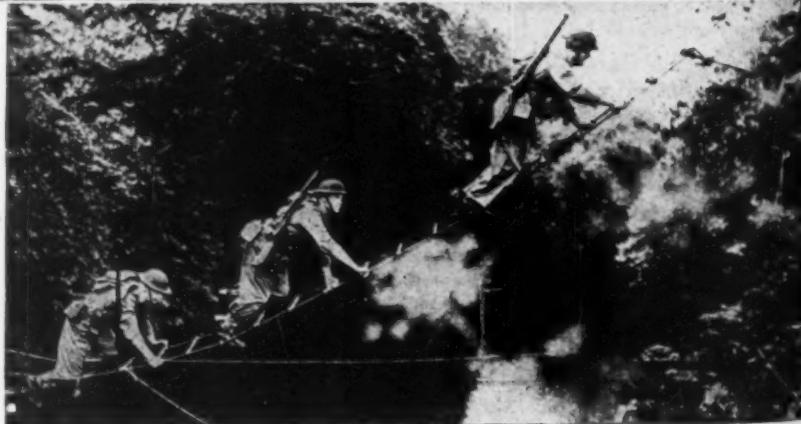
On tropic shores like these, the U. S. Marines have scored the first victorious land advance of the United Nations in the Pacific. First to rock the Japs back on their heels at Pearl Harbor, Wake, and Midway, first to man United defenses from Iceland to Australia, the Marine Corps is still the vanguard of Allied action, the spearhead of attack. A year of action on all U. S. fronts, facing treacherous ambush from the air, surprise attack at sea, or carrying out carefully planned land offensives, the Corps has never once failed to uphold its reputation as the world's finest body of fighting men.

Operations in the Solomons were no sudden, spectacular raids, but were results of months of secret planning and intensive training by thousands of Marines under Admiral Ghormley's command.



FIRST ASHORE

Onto flat volcanic beaches without cover, into vine-tangled scrub where Jap snipers and half-trained natives lurk, across treacherous jungle streams in face of enemy rifle and grenade fire, Marines fought their way in the Solomons, making green hell out of a tropical paradise. Top picture is of Guadalcanal, where Marines captured three Jap airbases in shadow of live volcanoes. Natives drilling are former cannibals on Tulagi, Solomon naval base which was chief aim of Marine attack.



THE LEATHERNECK



SHAVE LANDED

It caught Japs totally unprepared: 18 Jap seaplanes were destroyed before they could leave the ground; Jap destroyers were bombed out of action by the first wave of Marine pilots.

Close behind the planes came fast, heavy naval units which began shelling Jap shore defenses from five miles out. Sleek destroyers slipped closer under the screen of fire, escorting transports to unload landing boats filled with Marines tensed to strike the blow they had spent months of training for. Presumably they carried full combat equipment, including Garands, Springfields, Tommy and Reising guns, BAR's, grenades, well-sharpened bayonets. They had knives, too, to beat the Jap at his own game. There may even have been "alligators," for Navy reports indicated that all types of units were used "in full force."



Giant bombers ranged overhead, dropping paratroops in the most single dangerous operation of the attack. To land safely on those tiny Jap-infested islands, to make contact with the rest of the unit, to strike the confused Japs from the rear, hold air fields and communications centers until help drove through from the beachheads—this was a job for heroes to tackle. The Marines did it.

Loss of life was heavy. That was to be expected. But Leathernecks charged forward in the face of enraged, desperate Jap rifle fire, under the shadow of dive-bombers, into the teeth of machine gun nests. Hundreds of our men died, but hundreds more fought on in ten days of ceaseless bitter jungle combat, driving out Japs with the cold steel of knives and bayonets. By August 15, capture of 3 islands, thousands of prisoners, was assured.

September, 1942

FIRST BASE IN THE SOLOMONS

First, planes. Planes landing on smoking air fields, dodging wrecked Jap Zeros, planes landing in tiny jungle clearings, on narrow island roads leading, as in picture to left, to jerry-built camouflaged hangars. Planes bringing men, arms, food, drugs to keep the tide of battle moving forward.

Then, ships. After the landing parties, the slower moving transport and supply vessels, carrying portable huts, building materials, barbed wire and camp equipment, heavy ordnance and trucks—all to be unloaded in water neck-deep and oil-scummed.



Next, trucks, to carry the makings of a permanent camp inland, from beaches where tide-pockets and volcanic boulders make any roadway impossible, through swamps and across jungle streams to firm ground where the base crew finally knocks off for hasty chow under the palms, before buckling down to building an island base to serve as springboard for still another landing party.



Full details have yet to be released, but it now seems certain that to the glorious pages of Wake, Bataan, and Midway another name must be added in the roll of Marine Corps honors—the Solomon Islands.

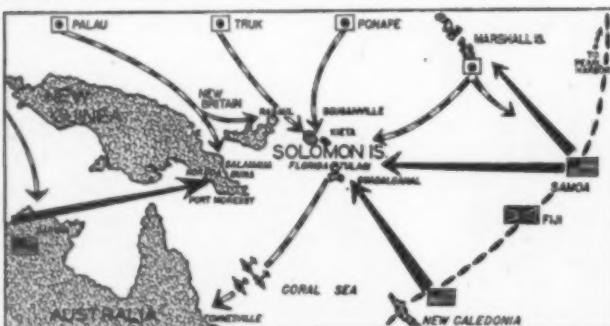
THE TIDE HAS TURNED



WHERE IT HAPPENED—WHY IT HAPPENED

Choice of Solomons as site of first blow at Jap invaders was no grab-bag accident. Map shows that Solomons, with Marshall Is., offer two greatest threats to U. S.-Australia life line. Solomons back up New Guinea, capture of which would give Japs perfect screen of bases for assault on northeast Australia. Marshalls have already been attacked by U. S. Navy in early raid, will doubtless receive more attention in near future.

Chief aim of Marines' attack was capture of Tulagi Harbor, big enough to hold entire Pacific Fleet, change it from Jap invasion base to U. S. attack springboard. Flanking movement around New Guinea thus begun may be continued, drive Japs out of landings at Lae, Salamaua, Buna, relieve pressure at Port Moresby, United base under constant Jap air attack. Japs at present are stopped at Kokoda, with 60 "impassable" mountain miles between them and Port Moresby.



Starting points for U. S. attack were New Caledonia and Samoa, aided by bombers from MacArthur command in Australia. Japs rushed naval reinforcements from Rabaul, Truk, Ponape, Marshalls, but transport fleet was shattered by U. S. units in night battle.

Secondary aim of landings was to wipe out Jap air bases from which Australia's east coast had been bombed at Townsville. Next major objective in this sector is likely to be Kieta, then Rabaul, both under steady vicious bomber attack by U. S. fliers from Port Moresby.

BLOW BY BLOW: ALLIES TAKE OFFENSIVE

- July 22—OWI puts U. S. war casualties at 44,143; 5,000 known dead, 36,000 prisoners of Japa.
- \$30,000,000 to be spent on "new secret training and secret weapon" by House Naval Committee.
- July 23—RAF bombs Duisburg, Reds bomb Koenigsberg, with severe damage. Yugoslav guerrillas capture two cities, 10,000 prisoners.
- July 25—Nazis capture Bostov, gateway to Caucasus.
- July 30—Axis opens direct contact between European and Asiatic fronts: planes fly from Libya to Indies.
- July 31—New aircraft carrier USS "Essex," launched at Newport News.
- Aug. 1—Japs reported in Pribilof Islands, north of Dutch Harbor.
- Aug. 2—Reds stand fast before Stalingrad, give way in Caucasus.
- Aug. 3—U. S. author beaten by Axis sympathizers in Argentina, after govt. ordered him deported.
- Aug. 4—U. S. Coast Guard celebrates 152nd anniversary.
- Aug. 5—Iceland has two air raids in week.
- Aug. 7—500 huge cargo planes ordered by WPB to help solve shipping problem.
- Aug. 8—Six Nazi saboteurs executed in Washington.
- Aug. 9—First word of action in the Solomons.
- Aug. 13—U. S. bombers over China, former AVG's, blast dozen Jap air fields.
- Aug. 14—Nazis claim USS "Wasp" badly damaged in Mediterranean convoy battle; claims later denied, but British lose heavy cruiser.
- Aug. 18—Ten-day Battle of Solomons declared big victory. U. S. bombers blast Axis in Europe, Mediterranean, China, Pacific.
- U. S. Commando landings reported in France. Second Front now beginning?

THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS

Head of England's War Production effort, Oliver Lyttelton, has called next 60 days a crucial period of war. If Russian armies are not wiped out or strangled by lack of oil, if Atlantic is made safe so supplies reach second front and Mediterranean, if Japan is kept on defensive by continued blows in Alaska, China, Pacific, if U. S. production is stepped up, then United Nations may taste first victories instead of final defeats in 1943.

But should Russia crumble, should "second front" fail, should Japan be successful in Asia, then American and British nations face prospect of long war, of lowest living conditions as Axis deprives us of materials, of inflation and poverty, of all women-workers in business and factories, of casualty lists in the millions, of the death throes of civilization as we know it.



WHICH WAY WILL THE WINDS OF VICTORY BLOW?



WHO WILL GET THERE FIRST?

Shambles in the Caucasus has both Uncle Sam and Hirohito on the jump: U. S. to rush supplies, strengthen vital lifeline via Iran and Baku, if that fails, make Hitler call off some of his wolf pack to face a second front in Europe. That second front

has Adolf plenty worried, altho his front man Goebbels pooh-poohs the idea as impossible.

If it's impossible, then why has Hitler made plans to move over a million natives away from the "Invasion Coast" so they cannot aid the invaders? Why has he sunk thousands of concrete blocks across entrances to possible beachheads, to prevent boats from landing?

It may become impossible if it's not tried soon. By winter, operations on the Russian front may be stalemated again, leaving Hitler free to move troops and materiel back to the western front.

That will be about the time Hirohito chooses to swing into action with the 500,000 men he has kept massed on the Manchukuo-Siberia frontier, waiting the go-signal from Hitler. The burning of Stalingrad may light the fuse in Siberia.

But Hirohito already has his second front in the Solomons. The Marines' action there was carefully timed both to stop Tojo from further attack on China or Siberia.

The Solomons operations were thus another step forward in the race to relieve Russia and retard the Axis.



CRISIS IN THE CAUCASUS

Russia is at the zero hour. To get some idea of what situation she faces, imagine the United States similarly invaded: both coasts in hands of the enemy, except for Puget Sound, New York harbor and New England coast, all land west of the Mississippi scorched or captured, including Texas and Oklahoma oil wells, the grain belt, the great plains. The enemy is at the gates of New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington: the capital has been moved to Louisville. The Pacific Fleet has only Seattle harbor to operate from, the Caribbean unit has only New Orleans, the Atlantic has only New York, Newport, Boston. Communication is mostly by water—from the St. Lawrence via the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. Railroads are taxed to capacity, food is growing scarce, weapons are hard to get, harder to keep.

Russia is in even worse plight. She faces four serious threats:

1—Army in the Caucasus may be split off from northern units, depend entirely on supplies from Iran. That means withdrawal into the mountains, and a last-ditch stand along the Batum-Tiflis-Baku line.

2—Army at Stalingrad may be beaten down by waves of newer, deadlier Nazi weapons. This would open gateway to the Ural industrial area, via Saratov and Kuibyshev, temporary capital, would aim a blow at Russia's very heart.

3—Loss of oil fields may cripple all Russian armies, with only Iraq-Iran fields available, if supply lines are open. Nazis have already captured rich fields at Maikop, Grozny, scorched into uselessness by retreating Reds.

4—Loss of last Black Sea port of Batum would leave Russia's ships there all steamed up with no place to go. Fleet would either have to surrender to Nazis or make for Turkish ports where they would certainly be quarantined.

But Don & Volga Rivers, Caucasus & Ural Mts. offer powerful defense lines.

It's now or never for the Nazis!

WASHINGTON: WORLD CAPITAL

Washington used to be an easy-going tidewater town, a county-seat kind of city among the world's great metropoles. In the few feverish months since Dec. 7, it has become the life center for 28 nations, the heart of the world of today and tomorrow.

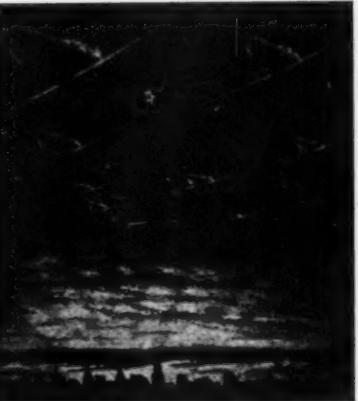
Heart of Washington is 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, the White House, to which have come during the past months leaders of most of the world's great nations. At one time, Washington would have gaped in awe at the arrival of a Dutch queen, two Balkan kings, an ex-king and a Prime Minister of England. Today, Washington takes them in stride, or between shifts. Marines and

other service men stood honor guard for royal visitors, all in the day's work.

The day's work Over There involves no honor guards, no state dinners, no Marines at parade rest. U. S. service men abroad have hit the Axis the hardest blows of the war this past month, from bombers over Germany, Libya, China, New Guinea, Aleutians. There was no ceremony about the 1½-ton calling cards we dropped on the Axis. But our visits will be remembered in smoking ruins, blasted air fields and railroad yards, choked naval bases, wrecked factories long after Washington Marines have forgotten which Balkan king it was they came to present arms for.



VISITORS TO THE WHITE HOUSE



VISITORS TO THE AXIS



"Sound off, Joe, stop mumbling!"

MARINES IN ACTION:

Preparing for their attack on the Solomon Island area, Leathernecks have been receiving intensive training in jungle warfare combined with the now-famous Marine amphibious tactics.

Although not much has been said about their training with heavy caliber ordnance, they have had much practice with small bore weapons: the Garand and Springfield rifles, their potent Tommy guns, the new Reising guns and Browning automatic rifles—as well as with .30 and .50 caliber light and heavy machine guns.

Furthering their training with boot-camp bobbers, they have rehearsed with quick shooting at surprise targets and knocking sniper dummies out of trees.

Combat exercises also included lieutenants leading their platoons through and under barbed wires against an objective while expert riflemen fired live bullets just above the heads of the crawling Marines.

And to avoid getting soft while aboard transports to the battle area, they spent hours in hand to hand combat work, using knives, small arms and Ju-jitsu.

No decks to swab and no brightwork to shine, but members of U. S. Marine garrisons in the Pacific keep thatched houses neat as barracks, and find their air-conditioned netting-draped quarters a highly satisfactory answer to tropic discomforts.

Dome-shaped roofs of the dwellings are constructed of sugar-cane thatch and supported by posts, bamboo or palm with space between to be closed with coconut-leaf blinds.

Nice duty if you can get it! But where's Dottie Lamour?

COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS

Hand-picked professional reporters and cameramen have finished the eight weeks basic military training at Parris Island and are now being assigned to combat units of the Fleet Marine Force.

Not only will they report Marine Corps action from the front lines but following "boot camp" they uphold the Marine Corps tradition of "every man a fighting man." It is expected that reporters and photogs will be assigned in pairs and will rate as public relations sergeants.

Duty will include detailed, colorful reports of enlisted Marines on combat duty—as much as can get by the censor.

Send us the straight dope, lads—we need it bad!

COMMANDANT PRAISES MARINES IN SOLOMONS

Speaking on the March of Time, Lieut. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, commandant of the Marine Corps, told how Leathernecks trained for their spectacular successes in the Solomon Islands.

Paying high praise to members of the Corps' first landing operations in this war, General Holcomb said:

"Only a few months ago, Marines of the Fleet Marine Force were practicing landings on Solomons Island, in the Chesapeake Bay area, not in the Pacific. But the operations were similar in both places.

"Ships arrived off shore. Marines shoved off in fast landing boats, and at the prearranged time sped shoreward. During the run to the beach and throughout the attack, guns of the fleet and planes pinned the enemy to the ground with shells and bombs. Upon reaching the beach, the first wave of Marines, quickly followed by others, began the slow difficult process of cutting through enemy wire and infiltrating through enemy lines.

"But we must remember that specialized training for jungle warfare—training by parachute troops and special raiding battalions—is in the nature of post graduate training for a Marine. It is all superimposed upon the solid basis of physical vigor, discipline and soldierly virtues which are instilled in every Marine recruit from his first day at the recruit depot until the day he leaves the corps.

"The Marine Corps is proud that once again its men are taking part in offensive action. I have the firm conviction that though there may be many anxious moments in the days to come the righteousness of our cause and the valor of our forces will prevail."

LOW CUNNING HIGH UP

Another incident in the Japs' long list of treacherous tricks has been reported by a Marine fighter pilot who took part in an aerial battle over Midway.

It was after the large-scale bombing attempt on Midway had been broken up with Jap losses. Second Lieutenant William V. Brooks, one of the few surviving Marine pilots, was still in the air, but the heels of his ship were jammed one-third way down, cutting his speed and the tabs, cockpit and instruments were shot up.

Lieutenant Brooks was coming in to land when, over against the sun, he spotted two planes dog-fighting. He changed his course at once and headed out to help his friend. As he neared the fight, maneuvering for position, both planes came at him at full throttle.

In Lieutenant Brooks' own words, "I realized I had been tricked into a sham battle. I had failed to recognize that both planes were Japs because of the sun in my eyes. After I had shaken one of these planes I managed to get a good burst into the other as we passed head-on when I turned into him. I don't believe this ship could have gotten back to its carrier, because he immediately turned away and started north and down."

Another Jap trick trumped by the Marines!

ELOQUENT BOOT

Few boots at P. I. realized it, but Paul H. Douglas, noted economics professor and University of Chicago "Round Table" commentator, was a "boot" there, too, this summer.

Enlisting as a fighting man rather than accepting a commission, Professor Douglas said he wanted to get quickly into combat duty because losing the war would mean "economic slavery or worse." A "victim of his own eloquence," as Douglas put it, Colonel H. L. Smith, commandant of the recruit depot, turned the tables on Private Douglas and he is now lecturing to recruits on why the war must be won.

While in boot camp, the 50-year-old Chicagoan won pistol and bayonet medals and was rated by his surprised D. I. as the best all-around man in the platoon.

WISDOM OF THE SOLOMONS



"And remember! Don't speak to ANYTHING unless it has a tail!"

Even though
you inhale

NO WORRY ABOUT THROAT IRRITATION-

FORWARD
MARCH!

JOINING up with PHILIP MORRIS is a big step ahead! No worry about throat irritation . . . *even when you inhale!* Doctors who compared the leading popular brands discovered:

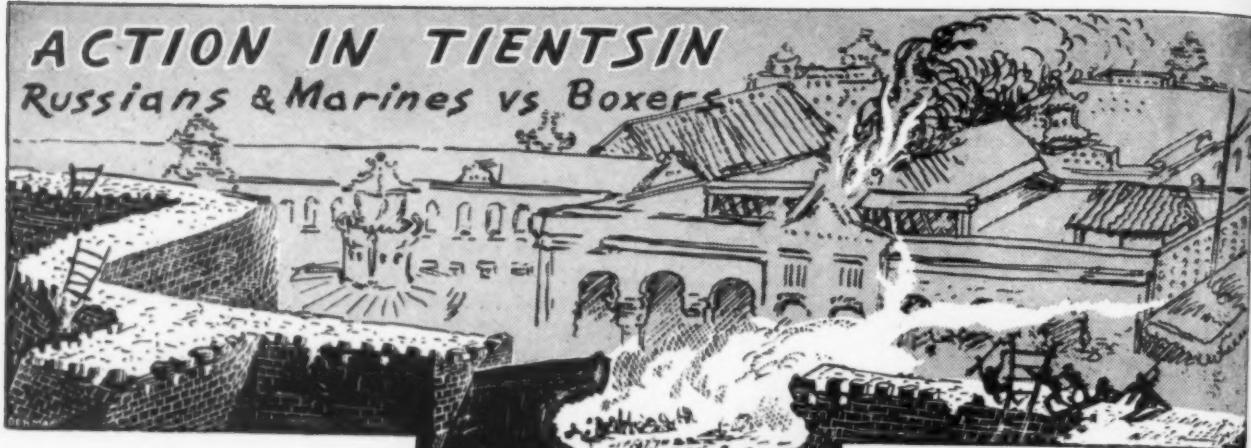
IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING CIGARETTES AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS — AND WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Enjoy PHILIP MORRIS' finer tobaccos . . . with real protection added. Line up now — with Johnny!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
for Complete Enjoyment—America's Finest Cigarette

ACTION IN TIENSIN Russians & Marines vs. Boxers



An Episode In Corps History

CURRENT action in Murmansk, Iran, Siberia is not the first time that U. S. and Russian units have served together. In World War I Russia had already made peace with Germany before the U. S. entered the conflict. But back in 1900, during the Boxer Rebellion in China, Russian troops and U. S. Marines fought side by side to protect their countrymen.

Then as now Oriental gangsters (called Boxers from their symbol of "Harmonious Fists") threatened the lives and property of Europeans and Americans in China, under the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics." The Manchu Emperor, realizing that any mass movement of the Chinese people cannot be opposed without great cost, gave the Boxers "passive" help by refusing to control them, and ordering all foreign diplomats to leave the Chinese capital, Peking. This they refused to do, since Tientsin, point of embarkation, was already besieged by the Boxers, and no safety was assured.

To rescue the imperiled whites, it was necessary first to capture Tientsin, then move inland on Peking. Picked by the U. S. Government for this dangerous mission, a contingent of 7 Marine officers and 131 enlisted men, commanded by Major Waller, left Taku on the shaky narrow-gauge railway. The train trip was as perilous as any part of the campaign, for the Boxers had shown themselves ruthless in tricks of sabotage, torture, treachery.

REAR GUARD ACTION

But the company safely reached the point of debarkation twelve miles short of Tientsin, picked a likely camp site, pitched shelter halves, set out a double watch and sentry system, and then, after readying their gear for attack in the morning,



turned in for the night. Dreams of the tough assignment ahead of them kept no man from getting all possible sleep and strength for the morrow.

The small band of 139 Marines was tackling an estimated force of 7,000 armed Chinese, with several thousand more sympathizers aiding the Boxers along the roads and in Tientsin. These odds, too great even for Marines, caused their leader to call on the only other white troops in the vicinity for help, a body of about 450 Russians sent to protect the Czar's interests. The two units joined forces in the dim Chinese dawn, and set out grimly on the twelve mile march with fixed bayonets, scouts alert against any possible ambush.

Three hours later they attacked strong Chinese fortifications at the city's edge, and after two hours' exchange of musketry, in which three Marines were killed, seven wounded, and over a hundred Boxers had joined their ancestors, Waller withdrew his men. The enemy force was still too strong for the Marines, outnumbered almost twelve to one, to risk a suicidal assault. In the slow difficult march

back to their bivouac, the Marines acted as rear guard, keeping at bay a young army of Boxer sympathizers and trained guerrilla snipers. All hands, including the wounded, reached camp safely.

The next day, men sat in small groups talking over the tight spot they found themselves in. Chinese natives, most of them undoubtedly Boxer spies, tried to gain entrance to the compound on one excuse or another, but the Leathernecks weren't having any. There was no sky-larking, though Major Waller declared there would be no action until reinforcements arrived. Tight-lipped men oiled rifles, sharpened bayonets, repaired packs and uniforms. Some slept while others kept watch against surprise attack. Others visited wounded buddies cursing the Boxer bullets that kept them out of action. It was a day of mounting heat and tension, of grim preparation and resolve.

ENGLISH ARRIVE

Shortly after taps that night, the compound was awakened by the sounds of a large body of troops moving nearby. But call to arms was not sounded, and word soon got around that heavy reinforcements, about 1,500 Russian and English troops, had arrived. The next day was spent in organizing a united command and splitting the troops into fighting units, in which, as in the Orient today, U. S. Marines, Russian soldiers, and British Imperials served side by side. The three outfits compared weapons, with some hasty instruction in elementary field stripping, exchanged a few fundamental words so that commands would be generally understood, and prepared to attack together the next morning.

Just before dawn, a small English naval force joined the Occidental forces, and all shoved off for the crucial assault on Tientsin. This day's attack, fierce and bloody, was finally successful in entering the city and relieving the besieged foreigners, most of whom were barricaded

(Turn to page 69)

DETACHMENTS

This is first chance we've had to inform our buddies on duty all over the world about the news here at **MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AIR STATION, KODIAK, ALASKA.**

First, we'd like to introduce our executive personnel: Lieut. Col. C. W. Martyr, commanding officer; Major C. O. Totman, executive officer; First Lieutenants Henry G. Baron, Jr., Robert F. Thompson, Joe R. Hobbs and Edwin B. Glass, and Sergeant Major Weyburn Tracy.

We can lay claim to the title as the champion outfit for smoking cigars. It looked for awhile as though we were being sabotaged with a gas attack.

Behind all this was the numerous promotions handed out during the second week of this month. "Top" Tracy earned another rocker by being made Sergeant Major, and Sergeants John Snodgrass and Richard Ely were made Platoon Sergeants.

Four made Sergeant. They include Homer Keeney, Rayburn Horner, James Humes, and William Carroll. Promoted to Corporal were Tom Souhrada, Robert Bazine, Terrell Hooper, Marshall Hollobow, Owen Brandon, John Rueker, William Lucksinger, Henry Maruska, Kramer Bohnenberger, Al Montruechio, Ward Morrison, Archie Kirkpatrick, and Horace Lee.

Ten received their first stripe. The list includes Forrest Crew, Duane Evans, Raymond Wormouth, Don Zimmerman, Vernon Buchholz, Ernest Davis, Kenneth Wing, Jolly Robinson, Thomas Turrentine, and Leon Reese.

Platoon Sergeant Ely and Sergeant Carroll had double reasons for passing out cigars and celebrating. Besides earning another stripe they hit Quartermaster Normal Keels for a set of hash marks. They have shipped over for their second cruise.

We see here by way of the home town newspapers that the Marines in the United States have chosen Martha Scott as their sweetheart. Although we agree Miss Scott is nothing to kick out, we conducted a little poll of our own and chose Lana Turner as the girl we would like to spend an Alaskan winter with.

While we were at it we also chose Glenn Miller and his orchestra as the outstanding band heard by us via short wave and "This Love of Mine" as the most popular song.

While waiting for a chance to get hold of some Japs, Major Totman and "Top" Tracy continually give the poor fish around here a terrible afternoon.

We see by some articles in the last issue of the **LEATHERNECK** that our buddies in the United States are still enjoying furloughs. What are those things, fellows? How's about giving

A Delicious Treat Anytime

A Real Help Now!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Freshen up, Marine

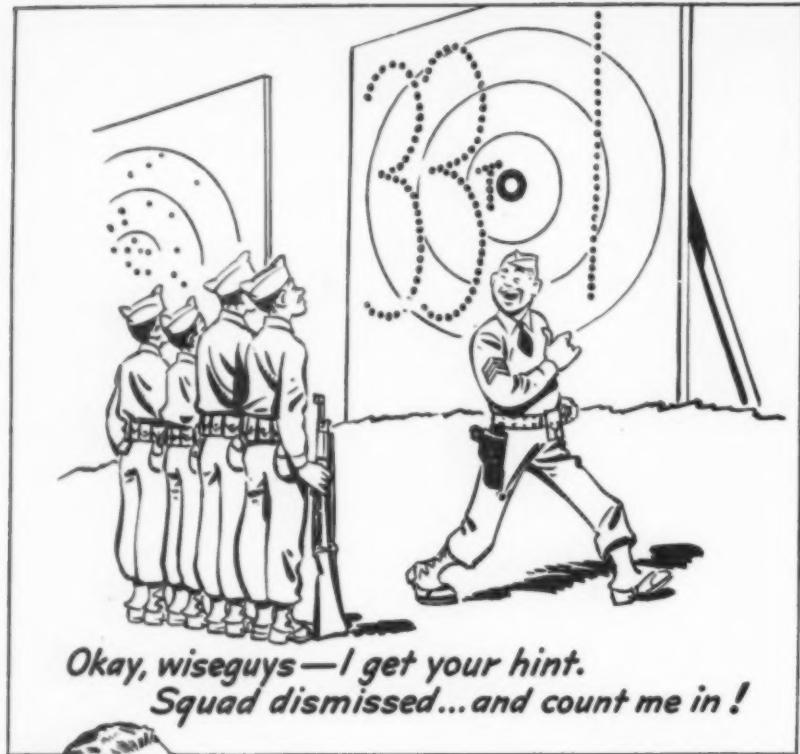
Cheat Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

Yes, you've got to be in the armed forces to really appreciate how much a little stick of chewing gum can mean.

Man, how it helps to chew gum when you're tired, hot or thirsty! Cools your mouth—moistens your throat—seems to give you a refreshing lift.

Enjoy chewing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum during tough maneuvers—on long, dusty hikes—after a hard day's work—at other times, too. It does things for you.

W-187



Swell idea, Sergeant! And here's why you'll find so many others "at ease" with a sparkling glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Like finest champagnes, Pabst Blue Ribbon reaches perfection through blending. Yes, 33 fine brews

are blended into this one great beer. That's why every single drop has a distinctive mellow flavor all its own.

Next time at canteen or cafe, ask for Pabst Blue Ribbon. Pour it from the handsome dress parade bottle—or drink it on draft.



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33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

some beautiful blonde a glad eye and have a short one on us.

Sergeant Walter Little.

Here at MARINE BARRACKS, U.S. NAVAL AIR STATION, Moffett Field, California, the biggest item for this issue is the assignment to this post of First Lieutenant Ivan C. King. Lieut. King fought in World War I with the Fifth Marines.

Among the new arrivals we have Privates First Class C. Nelson and D. Mathers. Also Pvt's. D. Barrett, F. E. Below, H. E. Canada, W. A. Chance, D. L. Clifford, G. E. Coffin, A. C. Edmonds, P. J. S. Gause, D. Z. Gliem, D. C. Hall, C. V. Hendricks, C. L. Travis, D. C. Wahl, E. C. Walstrum, W. G. Ward, G. P. Carozza, M. P. Jugum, J. B. Moore, L. E. Dotta, F. L. Graham, R. W. Hostetler.

Among promotions we have: To platoon sergeant, J. D. Messina; to sergeant, J. C. Weaver, A. C. Kohanski and A. P. Berg; to corporal, G. A. McAlpine, M. P. Kogut, W. L. Roberts, D. R. Elliott and J. C. Foster; to Pfc., E. P. Barberie, R. C. Carlson, N. A. Claxton, G. C. Colby, J. R. Dooley, J. J. Favarula, C. P. Filipkowski, G. K. Glass, H. F. Hards, H. M. Henly, N. W. Ingersoll and I. W. Lohnes.

Our newly arrived Sergeant Bates seems to be somewhat of a superman according to detachment rumors. In double timing to a fire call the other day the wiry sergeant left all of the young bucks in the dust. The boys arrived there just in time to start back, which burned them up no little, so they proceeded to fry the guy who thought up double timing idea.

CRYING TOWEL BUREAU

One of our newer "Boots" in the barracks was unduly over-joyed upon not finding his name on the guard of the day list. He made no bones about letting the rest of the boys know how fortunate he was in acquiring an assignment to special duty. Poor old "Blondy" is now sporting a most becoming towel apron and dish rag. To quote our fortunate colleague, "The only thing that you can count on around here are your fingers."

This ten o'clock fire water curfew the army has to put up with is a bit of a brother to the boys who run across color blind bartenders. Then again maybe it's not such a bad idea for the general sentiment at morning roll call is that the best way to hold your liquor is after it's in your girl.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

1. Why there are so many "Purple Alerts."
2. Why Joe Dooley insists on carrying the ball from third base to first for the put-out.
3. Why we can't draft some of the local Card-Hop talent for service in the Mess Hall.
4. Why, with so many extra "Blue Jackets" on the base, we can't have breakfast in bed.
5. Why our stalwart base-voiced Sergeant J. C. (Boom-Boom) Weaver

graduates to the soprano on the command of execution.

Private Bingo is finally becoming stripe conscious. His instinct seems to tell him that there is another mess of Pcs. to be made. Consequently he is now asking for "Out" when he should, even going so far as to utilize "Cat Tactices" for the occasion. He found that doing odd jobs around the Non-Coms was profitable for some privates but it didn't work for him. The boys kind of take advantage of him though. They have found that by mixing a little hamburger juice with their shoe polish Bingo can be of invaluable assistance in acquiring a "Spit Shine."

—H. M. HENLY.

MARINE BARRACKS, U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION, Jacksonville, Fla., is fast becoming one of the largest and most complete training centers for Marine pilots and aviation specialists in the country.

Each week Aviation Cadets are graduated and receive their "wings" and commissions as Second Lieutenants in Marine Aviation. From here they go forth to make more Leatherneck history in the air.

After months of equally intensive training in aviation mechanics are ready to keep the planes of our flying officers in top notch condition.

The weather here is reminiscent of Guam, Port au Prince, the suburbs of Hades, and the Cape Cod beaches in mid August. The crease in your pants lasts as long as the first dollar you spend on pay day. It's so hot the men of Jacksonville have discarded their coats by unanimous agreement and are on the verge of casting off their pants.

The city declared a midnight curfew on July 13 and all service men and unaccompanied women were ordered off the streets at that hour by the police and shore patrols. It lasted one night only. The service men, many of whom were within sniffing distance of battle smoke and on their last liberty within the continental limits, put up such a Bellow that the Mayor countermanded the order.

There have been a number of personnel changes. Capt. Charles Granger, of Charlotte, N. C., succeeded Capt. T. D. Alexander, Jr., as Post Executive Officer and Capt. John A. Scott as Public Relations Officer, the two jobs being combined when the officers were ordered to the Fleet Marines. Captain Arthur C. Prine, of Lansing, Mich., recently recalled to active service, replaced Capt. Granger as commanding officer of the Guard Company. First Sergeant George R. Ingersoll has been promoted to Sergeant Major. He lives on the station with Mrs. Ingersoll the former "Sally" of the Lux Radio Theatre program. (Fan letters have been abolished by Marine ruling.) First Sergeant Clyde Therrien has been transferred to Marine Barracks, Miami, Fla., and Mrs. Therrien is expected to join him soon. Staff Sergeant Lorian A. Weaver was made First Sergeant, succeeding Ingersoll as "top" in the Barracks Detachment. Corp. George Jacks

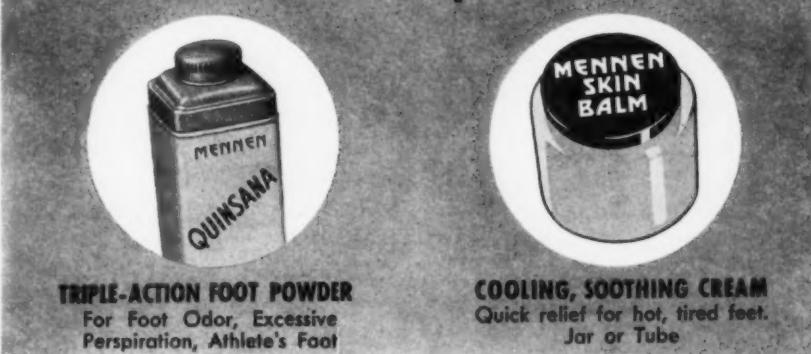
"NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR THE BOYS!"



3-Step MENNEN Shave



MENNEN keeps feet fit!



For sale at Post Exchanges, Canteens, Ship Service Stores
THE MENNEN COMPANY • NEWARK, N. J. • SAN FRANCISCO

has been transferred to the Candidates' Class for commission at Quantico. Sergeant Jay Casper has been ordered to the First Sergeants' school in Quantico. Corp. James P. Mitchell of the Guard Company was promoted to Sergeant and Pfc. William B. Albritton to the rank of corporal, both on their second enlistment in the Marines.

The writer visited the Lee Field outpost the other day and was taken on an unofficial tour of inspection. Platoon Sergeant Lewis M. Perry, Jr., recently promoted from Sergeant, and Sergeant Gordon Line were the obliging hosts. The men seemed very pleased with duty at the station and the "chow," sampled in the company of Acting Police Sergeant Edward P. Matthews, was tops. The station is growing by leaps and bounds. A great place for duty! Am looking forward to a visit to the other "outpost," Cecil Field, in the near future.—FRANK J. GIBUN.

HEADQUARTERS & SERVICE BATTERY, FIFTH BN, 10TH MARINES, once again reports that all is well and the situation is looking much better for those NCO's who spent last week walking post with their trusty rifles.

The list of promotions would be too long to list them all, but congratulations and hand shakes are in order for Sergeant Major L. Rubenstein and Platoon Sergeant M. V. Reynolds now that they have taken over their duties as Marine Gunners. May they continue on the upward climb to the top.

There are a lot of sore muscles and stiff backs as the old gang whip into shape preparatory to firing the range again next week. Even with the new pay bill that extra \$60.00 will look mighty nice to any of us next year and it should give the Japs no little cause for headaches. Every one seems to be getting a lot of good dope from the battery officers and older non-coms and we are hoping to make a good showing when we get up on the old firing line record day.

Until you hear from us again, we'll be in there working to help lick the Japs.
—By Corp. R. H. Gilbert.

Members of **BATTERY "P," TENTH MARINES**, one of the most famous organizations in the Second Marine Division, are hard at work in a course of intensive training.

Sergeant Major Reynolds has been promoted to Marine Gunner.

We have a boy in the battery who is so proud of his promotion to PFC that he has sewn stripes on his underwear. He will probably have them tattooed on his arm next.

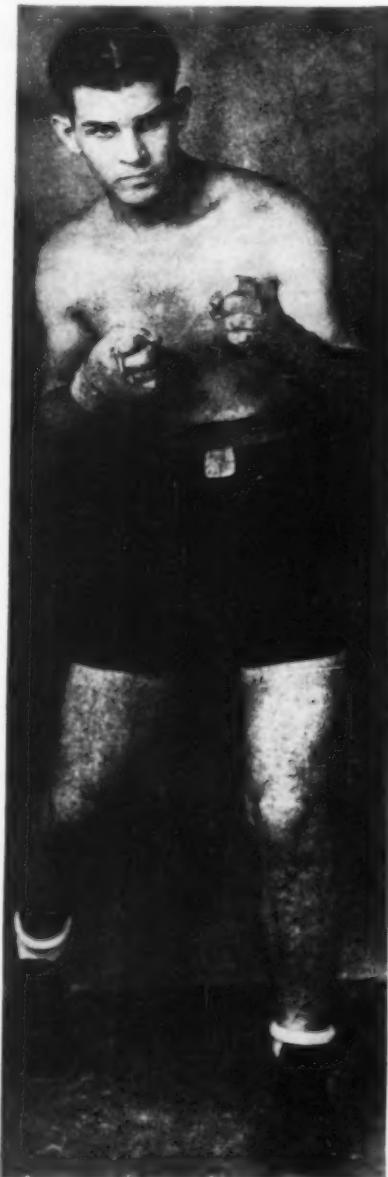
G. R. Schneider who was recently promoted to the rank of First Sergeant, has now assumed the duties of the batteries' lead man.—By G. R. Schneider, Jr.

Wedding bells are ringing almost continually these days in **BATTERY "N," TENTH MARINES**, at Camp Elliott.

Most recently married are First Lieutenant C. E. Brissenden, Platoon Sergeant D. M. Kolembra and Sergeant E. Philly.

The command is busy these days at that form of physical torture known as "snapping in." It's plenty tough and brings a lot of unfavorable comment from the men, but on record day the scores show the results. Here's to an expert medal for all hands.

We are scheduled for a hike out to Bing Crosby's Del Mar Race Track for a few days' intensive training. Well, it's time to secure so until next time, adios.
—By W. L. Wilson.



The Marine Barracks at the Naval Air Station, San Juan, Puerto Rico, boasts an unbeaten fighter in Private Wesley Jones, a welterweight. Jones has had four fights since joining the command and has won three by decisions, one by a kayo.

BATTERY "O," TENTH MARINES, says hello amidst heat and dust. We've just moved into some huts after spending several months in comfortable barracks. We're not really complaining—just beating our guns, as all good Marines do.

Among the lists of ratings that have come out this month we congratulate the following: Sergeant to Platoon Sergeant, Lawrence L. Graham, Ronald H. Gemmel, and Arthur J. Searle, Jr. To Sergeant from Corporal are James S. Crawford, and Clyde B. McCollum. To Corporal from Private First Class are Robert R. Cavin, Travis W. Choate, Raymond Cutler, Elmer L. Kinder, O. K. Long, Charles Negra and Leonard E. Young. And of the Pfc's made, they are too numerous to mention. We hope it will not long before they earn new rates.

We lost a few men to a new organization and are sorry to see our buddies go but we will see them again, sometime. We wish them the best of luck to their new outfit.

We have joined a few men to which we extend our welcome and hope they fill the place of the men that were transferred.—By Corp. Frank W. McNeill.

SPECIAL WEAPONS BATTERY of the **TENTH MARINES**, stationed here at Camp Elliott in California brings you the latest events.

Promotions were high, wide, and hand-some this past month and congratulations are in order for the following: to Platoon Sergeant, Wayne H. Bruchman, and Bernard T. Simon; to Sergeant, Lewis J. Dudley, Arthur W. Heding, Dale W. Lambson, and Wilbur R. Schibner; to Corporal, Jack D. Anderson, Elmer W. Carlson, Walter W. Cyga, Daniel Greivis, Francis M. Henderson, Edwin W. Klemczyk, Leonard P. Kurr, Joseph M. Ligon, Charles R. Lineck, John S. Lissner, Frank A. Pietruszewski, Sequoyah L. Rogers, Vernon F. Symons, and Edward Thompson; to Private First Class, Lawrence R. Anderson, Billy O. Barnes, James H. Blevins, Dale G. Campbell, James B. Fenton, Vernon H. Hooper, Howard C. Hubka, Hoyt H. McDonald, and Chester P. Saternus; to Field Cook, George H. Cardinal; to Field Music First Class, Duvall R. Bertaut, and Warren K. Jones. The police sergeant has his hands full these days doing away with clouds of cigar smoke.

Transferred to new outfits; Gunnery Sergeant Lawrence R. Stewart, Sergeants Hugh R. Hunter, and Arnold King, Corporal William C. Martin, and Private Grant L. Gibbons. Newly joined were: Corporal Robert S. McCarty, Private First Class Noel R. Newman, and Private Richard L. Johnson.

Corporals Neil M. Dougan and William W. Wander are now attending the Third Officers' Candidates Class and it is only a matter of time before they will be wearing lieutenants' bars.

Come what may, the battery remains one big happy family, that is, ready to accept or give out plenty. So, see you

next month with more news about the boys.—By Corporal L. P. Kurr.

From the land of the culture-studded skies, roaring tropical rainstorms, and ever present mosquitoes comes word of the long missing **MARINE BARRACKS, WEST BANK, BALBOA, CANAL ZONE**. We don't apologize for our tardiness because we've been busy, but now that we're here, just lend us a tin ear and we'll fill it for you.

Our Commanding Officer is Colonel C. L. Murray and capably holding down the job of Executive Officer and Adjutant respectively are Major J. J. Dolan and Major Stafford F. Potter. Colonel Murray came down here from a much cooler place, but having done a lot of moving around in performance of his duties in the Corps, the abrupt change didn't faze him. But ooh! how most of us dream of snowbanks and ice skating back in the States.

Our senior NCO, Sergeant Major G. T. Edwards, spent so much of his time reminiscing about those cold winter nights back in Brooklyn that he was forced to turn into sick bay with pneumonia. But we're all pulling for him and he will probably be back with us shortly.

Sponsored and coached by Lieut. C. M. Diaz, our basketball and boxing teams have headlined the Isthmian newspapers more than once. Pfc. E. Latta, H. W. Lyster, and W. Wilkins, and Private G. J. Barrett (the fighting Marines) were going full speed ahead until Lyster was fouled by an appendectomy, and Wilkins collided with a fistic blackout. Now only Latta, who has won his last three fights by KO's, and Barrett, whose last opponent failed to show up for a rematch, remain to garner the laurels for the Marines. Paced by Corporal T. R. Jackson, the West Bank's "hardwood quintet" provided stiff competition for all challengers. All in all we feel that as far as local athletics are concerned, the Marines have really landed!

Everything as a whole is running along as usual. Transfers and promotions are coming in too fast and frequent to name separately. Whipping ourselves into shape under the guidance of our veteran NCO's since the first of the year, most of us have absorbed enough "Leather-neck knowledge" to rate with the best of them.

Private J. W. Givin, better known as "True Blue," awaiting his FM rating from the Comdt., has been seen and heard practicing up in the boondocks. Maybe he's self conscious, but boy does he love to toot that horn!

Some of the local damsels treated the fellows to a night of fun and frolic a few weeks ago at the Cocoi ballroom. First on the floor and last to leave, none other than Sergeant Dixie Dunbar, the West Virginia "Lochinvar." Cookies, sandwiches, soft drinks, and a good band combined resulted in one helluvva good evening.

That's about all the dope we can think of at the present, but we'll be back again—next month.

—Pfc. W. E. Thompson



THE GAZETTE

As of July 15, 1942, the enlisted strength of the Marine Corps was 88,485 regulars, and 67,187 reserves on active duty, making a total of 155,672 active men in the Corps.

From: The Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.
To: All Commanding Officers.

Subject: Appointments to commissioned and warrant grades for temporary service in the Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve.

1. Subject to the conditions stated in reference (a), the below named chief warrant and warrant officers were appointed by the President on 7 July, 1942, to the grade of second lieutenant for temporary service, with rank from that date.

TO SECOND LIEUTENANT, MARINE CORPS.
From 7 July, 1942:

Chief Marine Gunner Otho Wiggs
Chief Marine Gunner Ludolf F. Jensen
Chief Pay Clerk Edward L. Claire
Chief Pay Clerk John W. Lytle
Chief Pay Clerk George W. Stahl
Chief Marine Gunner James J. Harrington
Chief Pay Clerk John D. Erwin
Chief Quartermaster Clerk Frank M. Sherwood
Chief Pay Clerk John J. Reidy
Chief Marine Gunner Theodore G. Laitsch
Chief Quartermaster Clerk John L. McCormack
Chief Pay Clerk Charles T. Gates
Pay Clerk William E. Mitchell
Pay Clerk Robert H. J. McKey
Quartermaster Clerk John W. Schurr
Marine Gunner James D. Gay
Marine Gunner Floyd M. McCorkle
Marine Gunner Arthur L. Smith
Marine Gunner John H. Wilbanks
Quartermaster Clerk James D. Connolly
Quartermaster Clerk Leon E. Matthews
Quartermaster Clerk Reuben C. Collins
Quartermaster Clerk Wayman H. Imus
Quartermaster Clerk Clifton L. See
Quartermaster Clerk Robert P. Warner
Quartermaster Clerk Roy L. Green
Quartermaster Clerk Hubert G. Bozarth
Quartermaster Clerk George H. Corcoran
Quartermaster Clerk Charles B. Hirach
Quartermaster Clerk Frederick J. Widman
Quartermaster Clerk Noble J. Barger
Pay Clerk Stuart F. B. Wood
Pay Clerk Hubert H. Dunlap
Pay Clerk Verner R. Fitzgerald
Pay Clerk Walter Sandusky
Pay Clerk Donald W. Swanson
Pay Clerk Clifford A. Fairbairn
Pay Clerk Joseph H. Maden
Pay Clerk Clarence S. Wick
Quartermaster Clerk Charles W. Byers
Pay Clerk William Oberhoff
Quartermaster Clerk Gordon L. Rea
Quartermaster Clerk Frank J. Leeskovits
Quartermaster Clerk Lester D. Cox
Pay Clerk Henry L. Knopes
Pay Clerk Nicholas P. Lengyel
Quartermaster Clerk John H. Gray
Pay Clerk Jack Hayden
Pay Clerk Dewey D. Raynor
Pay Clerk Felix T. P. Michaelis
Marine Gunner Loreen A. O. Nelson
Marine Gunner Wilson D. Haigler
Marine Gunner Laurence A. Duensing
Marine Gunner Caryll A. Price
Quartermaster Clerk Joseph B. King
Quartermaster Clerk William R. Yingling, Jr.
Quartermaster Clerk Glenn R. Nichol
Quartermaster Clerk Percy W. Robbins
Quartermaster Clerk Jesse L. Massey
Quartermaster Clerk Fred Turner
Pay Clerk George Jones
Pay Clerk William O. Adams
Pay Clerk Willard T. Henry
Pay Clerk John F. Pesdak
Marine Gunner Paul H. Mikkelsen
Marine Gunner Joe B. Wrenn
Marine Gunner Paul J. Preston
Quartermaster Clerk Albert Good
Quartermaster Clerk Newton E. Baxley
Quartermaster Clerk Vearl McLean
Quartermaster Clerk Ralph Barefoot
Quartermaster Clerk Oscar W. Cargile
Quartermaster Clerk Bert A. Green
Quartermaster Clerk John Smolinski
Quartermaster Clerk James J. McCullough
Marine Gunner Omer C. Adams
Marine Gunner William C. Blackford
Marine Gunner Walter W. Pardee
Marine Gunner Bernard E. Kilday
Marine Gunner Ford E. Wilkins
Marine Gunner Jack Salecky
Marine Gunner Robert A. Smith
Marine Gunner Lawrence R. Darner
Marine Gunner James C. Wilson
Marine Gunner William L. Staph
Marine Gunner Ivy R. Cordell
Marine Gunner Wendell L. Frey
Marine Gunner Eggnatz P. Lamuska
Marine Gunner Joseph H. Lewis
Marine Gunner Byron E. Orvis
Marine Gunner Ernest Bealer
Marine Gunner Wilfred L. Wellman
Marine Gunner Marcus J. Couts
Marine Gunner William F. A. Trax
Marine Gunner Walter R. Giles
Marine Gunner William F. Watson
Marine Gunner Arthur H. Lilly
Marine Gunner George T. Perchau
Marine Gunner Paul R. Paquin
Marine Gunner John F. Russell
Marine Gunner Robert L. Dickey
Marine Gunner Ralph Martin
Marine Gunner Ward A. Rolfe
Marine Gunner Cecil H. Yount
Marine Gunner Jasper J. Gillette
Marine Gunner John F. Fogerty
Marine Gunner Alexander A. Case
Marine Gunner Ollie B. Dawdy
Marine Gunner Frank G. Paul
Marine Gunner Chester J. Paszkiewicz
Marine Gunner Charles S. Barker, Jr.
Marine Gunner William T. Taylor
Marine Gunner Robert Colsky
Marine Gunner George B. McManus
Marine Gunner Adolph P. Wingo
Marine Gunner Carl C. Jenkins
Marine Gunner Thomas W. Hyland

THE DAY OF THE U.S.O. PARTY....

by WILEY



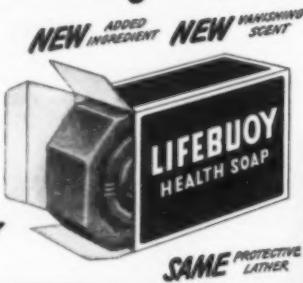
Lifebuoy Stands Guard Against "B.O."

No man in uniform wants to be guilty of "B.O." That's why Lifebuoy's the biggest selling soap with our armed forces. For Lifebuoy, with its special purifying ingredient, stops "B.O." And boy, is Lifebuoy refreshing when you're hot, sweaty and grimy! Get Lifebuoy today at your PX.

USE IT DAILY!

NEW 1942 LIFEBOUY

FROM HEAD TO TOE—IT STOPS 'B.O.'



Marine Gunner Edwin M. Gorman
Marine Gunner Robert E. Wall
Marine Gunner Earl P. Frazer
Marine Gunner Robert A. McKeown
Marine Gunner Thomas Swift
Marine Gunner Joseph A. Pawloski
Marine Gunner Howard D. Hudson
Marine Gunner Thomas O. Lowery
Marine Gunner Walter R. Hooper
Marine Gunner Carl Raines
Marine Gunner David E. Cruikshank
Marine Gunner George J. Nowack
Marine Gunner Russell E. Nall
Marine Gunner William H. Kapanke
Marine Gunner Glenn O. Seider
Marine Gunner Francis L. White
Marine Gunner Newton E. Carbaugh
Marine Gunner Joe A. English
Marine Gunner Cecil D. Snyder
Marine Gunner Robert Thompson, Jr.
Marine Gunner Earl R. Beckley
Marine Gunner James J. Stothers
Marine Gunner Walter R. Sonnenberg
Marine Gunner William G. Reeves
Marine Gunner George G. Okes
Marine Gunner James M. Rogers
Marine Gunner Arthur B. Reiman
Marine Gunner Albert L. Jenson
Marine Gunner Frank J. Murphy
Marine Gunner James F. Evans
Marine Gunner Grady A. Thompson
Marine Gunner Francis J. Martin
Marine Gunner Michael J. Hogan
Marine Gunner Charles T. Lamb
Marine Gunner Harvey W. Tennant
Marine Gunner Edward C. Hennessey
Marine Gunner Herman O. Dannmeyer
Marine Gunner Melbourne C. Peterson
Marine Gunner Alvin G. Bryan
Marine Gunner John P. Grando
Marine Gunner John F. Smith
Marine Gunner Arthur J. Noonan
Marine Gunner Alfred Skowronek
Marine Gunner John C. Duncan
Marine Gunner Samuel L. Slocum
Marine Gunner Michael T. Harbrook
Marine Gunner Joseph C. Schwalke
Marine Gunner John S. Durant
Marine Gunner Beldon Lidyard
Marine Gunner George T. Philpott
Marine Gunner Perez W. Pottgether
Marine Gunner Donald Russell
Marine Gunner Bennie M. Bunn
Marine Gunner Milton B. Rogers
Marine Gunner William A. Searight

Marine Gunner Richard P. Brezinski
Marine Gunner Creed G. Lail
Marine Gunner Porter W. Stark
Marine Gunner Patrick H. Thompson
Marine Gunner Charles S. Cummings
Marine Gunner Milligan G. Hereford
Marine Gunner Theodore R. Cathey
Marine Gunner Thurman E. Barrier
Marine Gunner Harvey W. Gagner
Marine Gunner John F. Ricard
Marine Gunner Lloyd F. Barker
Marine Gunner Emil M. Krieger
Marine Gunner Howard C. Frazer
Marine Gunner Ronald J. Nourse
Marine Gunner John R. Coleman
Marine Gunner Rayburn B. Harper
Marine Gunner Quillin L. Strickland

Marine Gunner Edward P. Faulkner
Marine Gunner James S. Ammons
Marine Gunner Otto T. Miller
Marine Gunner Robert Bernon
Marine Gunner Russell S. Kelley
Marine Gunner Thomas E. Stirewalt
Marine Gunner Maurice C. Pulliam
Marine Gunner Elmer J. Heger
Marine Gunner Woodrow W. Gill
Marine Gunner Robert J. Loesch
Marine Gunner Ira N. Hayes
Marine Gunner Walter W. Alford
Marine Gunner Michael J. Sisul
Marine Gunner Albert H. Keith
Marine Gunner Harold J. Thomas
Marine Gunner Donald K. Emery
Marine Gunner Rames O. DeLaHunt

Piffsie Earbanger



Marine Gunner Gilbert J. Geiser
 Marine Gunner Frederick K. Garceau
 Marine Gunner Eugene Anderson
 Marine Gunner Robert A. D. Bell
 Marine Gunner Paul S. Sho-t
 Marine Gunner Lewis A. Huddle
 Marine Gunner Ben Suks
 Marine Gunner Foy E. Jordan
 Marine Gunner John M. Peterson
 Marine Gunner Leland M. Swindler
 Marine Gunner Irvin H. Elrod
 Marine Gunner Thomas D. Hunt
 Quartermaster Clerk Morris E. Miller
 Quartermaster Clerk Henry W. Wandt
 Quartermaster Clerk August A. Hey
 Quartermaster Clerk Charles D. Clayton
 Quartermaster Clerk Louis Greenberg
 Quartermaster Clerk Joseph F. Murphy
 Quartermaster Clerk Allan F. Titus
 Quartermaster Clerk Homer J. Gravelle
 Quartermaster Clerk Peter J. Wilgus
 Quartermaster Clerk Martin W. Texler
 Quartermaster Clerk Kenneth P. Styer
 Quartermaster Clerk John F. Pearce
 Quartermaster Clerk Robert B. McLane
 Quartermaster Clerk Robert E. Coddington
 Quartermaster Clerk Ersal E. Davey
 Quartermaster Clerk Edward F. Taylor
 Quartermaster Clerk Nicholas M. Grieco
 Quartermaster Clerk Walter A. McArthur
 Quartermaster Clerk Ralph T. Mullins
 Quartermaster Clerk Tony Stepanuk
 Quartermaster Clerk Richard M. Stutts
 Quartermaster Clerk James N. Gault
 Quartermaster Clerk Elbert H. Arndt
 Quartermaster Clerk Robert Hill
 Quartermaster Clerk Forrest L. Martin
 Quartermaster Clerk Herman L. Bailey
 Quartermaster Clerk Charles E. Gardner
 Quartermaster Clerk Wilbur P. Gorsuch
 Quartermaster Clerk Robert G. Hendricks
 Quartermaster Clerk William R. Hopkins
 Quartermaster Clerk Vinson A. McNeill
 Quartermaster Clerk Guy F. Turner
 Quartermaster Clerk Sloan M. Diaz
 Quartermaster Clerk Raymond H. Jenkins
 Quartermaster Clerk Arthur C. Davison, Jr.
 Quartermaster Clerk Phillip W. Sullivan
 Quartermaster Clerk Walter H. Eastham
 Quartermaster Clerk Kenneth F. Curtis
 Pay Clerk Frank J. Huekels, Jr.
 Pay Clerk William A. Steimer
 Pay Clerk Swanner J. Hines
 Pay Clerk John T. Lawrence, Jr.
 Pay Clerk Charlie E. Yale
 Pay Clerk Raymond F. Gotko
 Marine Gunner Robert L. Gray
 Marine Gunner Richard J. Britten
 Marine Gunner William G. Leeman
 Marine Gunner James M. Wray
 Marine Gunner Robert G. Straine
 Marine Gunner John S. Court
 Marine Gunner Roy H. Crawford
 Marine Gunner Lawrence Baldinius
 Marine Gunner Marcie O. Lindquist
 Marine Gunner Wilfred E. Reeves
 Marine Gunner Cecil T. Carraway
 Marine Gunner Lonic E. Coburn
 Marine Gunner Albert E. Helmick
 Marine Gunner George L. Williams
 Marine Gunner Tracy P. Mizelle
 Marine Gunner Herbert S. Gilson
 Marine Gunner George J. Hanft
 Marine Gunner Edward L. Parke
 Quartermaster Clerk Hans O. Rasmussen
 Quartermaster Clerk Frank M. Hanrahan
 Quartermaster Clerk Earl B. Hardy
 Quartermaster Clerk Howard H. Parker
 Quartermaster Clerk Augustus J. Eden
 Quartermaster Clerk Francis L. Churchville
 Quartermaster Clerk George E. Allison
 Marine Gunner Earl W. Garvin
 Marine Gunner Joseph L. Schwab
 Marine Gunner Michael C. Knott
 Marine Gunner Russell C. White
 Marine Gunner Guy W. Childers
 Marine Gunner John R. Blackett
 Marine Gunner John L. Neel
 Marine Gunner Joseph J. Vlach
 Marine Gunner William B. Hanger
 Marine Gunner Stephen K. Pawloski

TO SECOND LIEUTENANT, MARINE CORPS RETIRED, From 7 July, 1942:

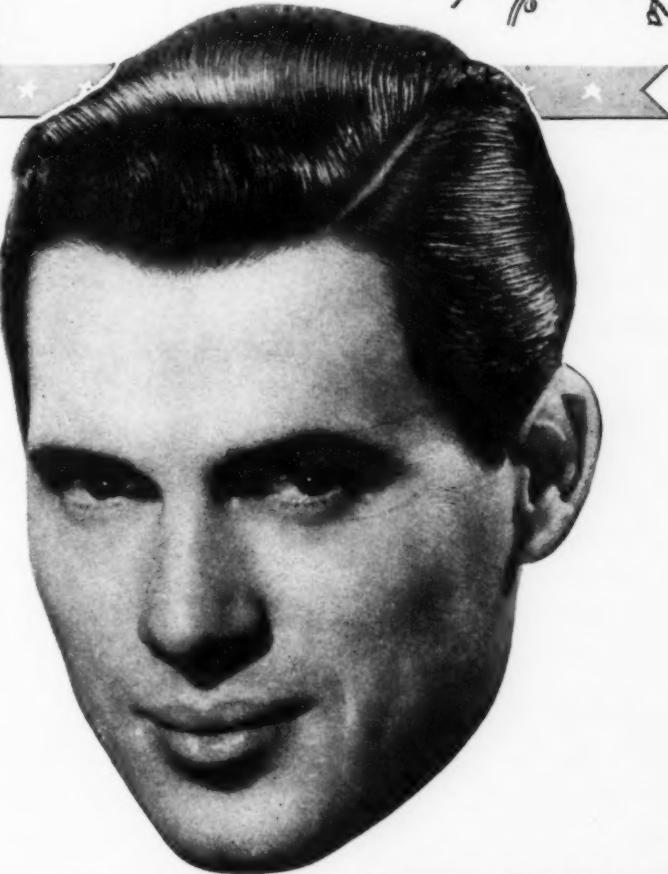
Chief Marine Gunner Frank F. Wallace
 Chief Quartermaster Clerk James Lippert
 Chief Quartermaster Clerk Joseph C. Brochek
 Chief Quartermaster Clerk Fletcher B. Crugar

TO SECOND LIEUTENANT, MARINE CORPS RESERVE, From 7 July, 1942:

Chief Pay Clerk Harry G. Vaughn
 Marine Gunner Laurence E. Treadwell, Jr.
 Pay Clerk Theodore Edwards
 Marine Gunner Frank M. Richard
 Quartermaster Clerk John A. Hanschmann
 Marine Gunner Marcus J. Maher
 Quartermaster Clerk Albert N. Bailey
 Quartermaster Clerk Ingold H. Schermerhorn
 Marine Gunner Frederick Bove
 Marine Gunner Raymond L. Luckel
 Quartermaster Clerk Carl H. Wishart
 Quartermaster Clerk Arthur J. Davidson

STUBBORN HAIR "SURRENDERS —WITHOUT A FIGHT!"

How can you keep your hair smart-looking . . . when it's getting wind-lashed and sun-beaten all day? Just use a little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb each morning!



HOW TO DISCOURAGE DRY SCALP

RULE Number One: Don't "douse." You see, dousing with water or anything else steals away hair's natural good looks . . . all too often gives Dry Scalp its chance. Well-groomed, natural-looking hair is achieved—safely—when you use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every morning. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic has no ingredients that can dry the scalp. On the contrary, it actually supplements the natural scalp oils. Before shampoos, too, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Massage it generously on your scalp . . . a swell way to stir up circulation and loosen dandruff.



AT ALL POST EXCHANGES

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THIS IS BOB "CLEAN-UP-MAN" HOPE



TELLING YOU TO PLAY
BALL WITH PEPSODENT



AND YOUR TEETH
WILL NEVER GO INTO



A "BITING" SLUMP
use
PEPSODENT
Tooth Paste or Powder



Quartermaster Clerk James G. Neff
Marine Gunner Frederick E. Sparling
Marine Gunner Stanley W. Robinson
Marine Gunner Howard A. Koehler
Marine Gunner Alwyn E. Lane
Marine Gunner Joseph F. Labonte
Marine Gunner Loris N. Mouser
Quartermaster Clerk Richard H. Stone
Marine Gunner Leo J. Wilson
Marine Gunner Clinton E. Bump
Marine Gunner James E. Hunt
Marine Gunner Don E. Linn
Marine Gunner William J. Young
Marine Gunner Kenneth J. Fagan
Marine Gunner Willis H. Chamberlin, Jr.
Quartermaster Clerk Gordon R. Daigle
Marine Gunner Joseph I. Hockman
Marine Gunner Charles G. Laverty
Marine Gunner John I. Scheffel
Marine Gunner Donald A. Lloyd

2. Subject to the conditions stated in reference (b), the below named noncommissioned officers were appointed by the President on 7 July, 1942, to the warrant grades indicated for temporary service with rank from that date.

TO MARINE GUNNER, MARINE CORPS.
From 7 July, 1942:

SgtMaj. Loyd B. Rice
SgtMaj. Oliver M. Schneider
SgtMaj. Samuel C. Dean
MTSgt. Norman G. Henderson
SgtMaj. Dennis C. Atkinson
MTSgt. George C. Morgan
MTSgt. Cyril A. Gould
MTSgt. Patrick H. Tobin
SgtMaj. Frank P. Novick
MTSgt. Rudolph L. Angus
SgtMaj. Charles G. Klehm
MTSgt. George Noell, Jr.
SgtMaj. William Paul
SetMaj. Arthur E. Abbott
SetMaj. Louis N. Bertol
SetMaj. Joseph K. Roberts
SetMaj. Claude Wright
MGSet. Henry M. Bailey
SgtMaj. Edward E. Steele
MGySgt. Charles B. Hughes
MGySgt. Thomas J. Jones
SgtMaj. Wilbourn O. Christian
SgtMaj. Max M. Goldberg
MTSgt. Raymond G. Jones

MTSgt. August Olagues
SgtMaj. Samuel H. Wood
SgtMaj. Ira M. Ward
SgtMaj. Paul Kerns
SgtMaj. Joseph A. Bernica
SgtMaj. Louis Tunick
MTSgt. William Nelson
SgtMaj. Irving Fine
SgtMaj. John C. Wright
MGySgt. Joseph W. Logue
MGySgt. Harry Gayer
MTSgt. David L. Ford
MGySgt. Robert Stutz
MTSgt. Anthony J. Sears
MTSgt. Thomas W. Reynolds
MGySgt. Thomas H. Dexter
MTSgt. Charles Nissen
MTSgt. Leon Freda
MTSgt. John Gerey
MTSgt. James J. Bradley
SgtMaj. Edward A. Mullen, Sr.
MTSgt. Julius Papas
SgtMaj. George L. Robinson
MTSgt. Paul J. Heckman
MTSgt. Lee E. Dimter
MGySgt. George W. Pearce
MGySgt. Joseph J. Karynske
MGySgt. Lewis V. Hensley
MGySgt. John F. Smith
SgtMaj. James T. Aylward
MTSgt. Joseph F. Schucraft
MTSgt. Curtis R. Goehring
MTSgt. John M. Siegert
MTSgt. Lewis M. Schaller
MTSgt. Daniel J. Nugent, Jr.
MTSgt. Maynard E. Julian
MTSgt. Tom J. Griffis
MTSgt. Ubal L. Rowden
MTSgt. Clyde H. Warren
MTSgt. Stephen J. Toranich
MTSgt. Dean Chapin Barnum
MTSgt. Norman O. Rollins
MTSgt. Vincent J. Odeski
MTSgt. Kyle K. Kring
MTSgt. George W. Caso
SgtMaj. Amos W. Taylor
SgtMaj. Mathew E. Schubert
SgtMaj. Albert S. Borek
MTSgt. Jens Pedersen
MTSgt. Alva M. Andrews
MTSgt. Albert Straba
MTSgt. Russell Dudley Clubb
SgtMaj. John E. Ward
SgtMaj. Winfree Chaney

"Ten kilometers northeast, two kilometers due east—and she lives just about here."

THE LEATHERNECK



AFTER THE HOT WORK

-work on a KOOL

► The dash of mild menthol in 'em makes your mouth feel cool, fresh, wide-awake! Yet none of the full, rich flavor of the tobacco is lost. Maybe you've noticed how many men in the Service are smoking KOOLS. Get a pack today. You're sure to like 'em.

And save that valuable coupon on the back of the pack. Coupons are good in the United States for dozens of luxury premiums. Write for the latest premium catalog. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



SAVE B & W COUPONS FOR HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



RAZOR BLADES. A year's supply of new-type Pal blades for quick, cool, smooth shaves. Hollow ground. Fit all regular razors. Double or single edge.



TOILET KIT. Khaki zipper case. Shaving gear (Gillette razor), tooth brush and paste, mirror, genuine bristle hair brush, comb and file.



NEW PARKER DUOFOLD PEN & PENCIL SET. Medium size for men and women. Visible ink supply. Smart pearl and black striped effect.



SERVICE POCKET KNIFE . . . 2 1/4" quality steel blade. Can or bottle opener. Leather punch, Screw-driver. Has unbreakable stag finish handle.



FREE . . . NEW CATALOG. Illustrations in full color and descriptions of all the many useful and practical premiums. Write for your copy today.



*"...as Ship-Shape as
a GRIFFIN shine!"*



YES, that snappy, well-groomed Leatherneck look starts from the ground up—with a good GRIFFIN shine.

For over 50 years, GRIFFIN has been the shoe polish of the Services. And today, at post exchanges and ship's stores, GRIFFIN ABC outsells all other brands of shoe polish combined! It gives you a bright, long-lasting shine and helps preserve the leather.

The can with the easy opener costs only 10¢. All popular colors.



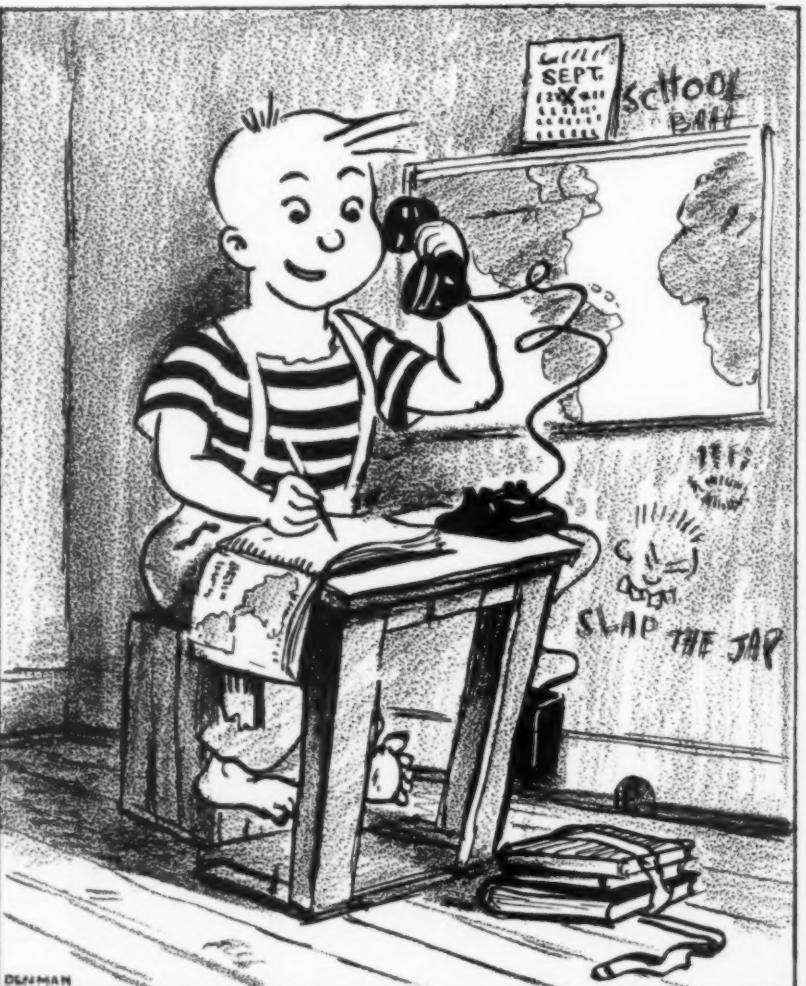
GRIFFIN

*The Service Shine
Since 1890*

SgtMaj. Joseph A. Inferrera
SgtMaj. Louis Rubenstein
SgtMaj. Lawrence E. O'Neal
MGySgt. Harry E. Rudder
MGySgt. George E. Jefferies
MTSgt. Sol Bergman
SgtMaj. Joseph W. Peden
MTSgt. Zebulon P. Brundage
SgtMaj. Leonard K. Atkins
SgtMaj. Merl S. Smith
SgtMaj. Charles L. Arndt
SgtMaj. Theodore H. Sundhausen
SgtMaj. Leon J. Gaynor
SgtMaj. Joseph A. Burch
SgtMaj. William W. Sparks
MGySgt. Charles L. Wilkinson
MGySgt. Earl P. Wiseman
SgtMaj. Oscar A. Powell
SgtMaj. Harland W. Bond
SgtMaj. Roland F. Root
MGySgt. John E. Aycock
SgtMaj. Clifton C. Willoughby
SgtMaj. Lucien N. Hudson
SgtMaj. Patrick H. Muccia
MGySgt. Stanley W. Mortensen
MGySgt. George A. Crapser
MGySgt. Harry D. Hutchinson
MGySgt. Carl Haynes
MGySgt. Hascal L. Ewtton
MTSgt. John D. Mooney
MTSgt. Charles W. Emery
MTSgt. Stewart L. Baughman
MTSgt. William Bruner
MTSgt. William R. Fuller
MTSgt. Alfonso B. Ferazzi
MTSgt. Joseph Montwill
MTSgt. Albert J. Gunther
MTSgt. David Mayo

SgtMaj. James S. LaRue
MGySgt. Paul R. Michael
MTSgt. George C. Ashley
MTSgt. Joseph A. Petrosky, Jr.
MTSgt. James F. Elliott
MTSgt. Carl F. Evans
MGySgt. Robert L. Birt
MGySgt. Kenneth J. Schwetz
MTSgt. Virgil R. Martin
SgtMaj. Otis M. Davis
MTSgt. Cornelius Overstreet
SgtMaj. Abe L. Skinner
SgtMaj. Otto J. Dyhr
SgtMaj. Ben W. White
MTSgt. Paul J. Rupakus
SgtMaj. John Crecion
MGySgt. Samuel J. Bonner
MTSgt. Clayton W. Smith
MTSgt. Stanley C. Lenn
MTSgt. Robertson H. Galvin
MTSgt. William W. Greene
MTSgt. Charles W. Hewitt
MTSgt. Conrad J. Morgan
MGySgt. Frank C. Bottemer
MGySgt. Albert W. Faby
MGySgt. Earl C. Tipton
MGySgt. Henry H. Faulkner
MGySgt. Victor F. Brown
SgtMaj. Edward E. Harris
SgtMaj. Joshua Kelley
SgtMaj. Joseph L. Bonville
SgtMaj. Andrew Berisko, Jr.
1stSgt. George Cataldo
GySgt. Leo M. Jennings
1stSgt. Adam Gruntowicz
1stSgt. William H. Sherman
TSgt. Allan C. Anderson
1stSgt. Julian M. Ashley
GySgt. Rufus W. McKinley

Herman, Super-Marine of 1955



"Hello, U. S. Marines, I want the latest dope on the South Pacific for tomorrow's geography lesson."

THE LEATHERNECK

1st Sgt. Thomas R. Rowell
 GySgt. Charles E. James
 DrumMaj. Avant M. Brannock
 1st Sgt. Horace A. Smith
 1st Sgt. Joe B. Mink
 1st Sgt. Henry G. Gallimore
 1st Sgt. Ernest E. Roy
 1st Sgt. John H. Slusser
 1st Sgt. Laurie P. Mallard
 TSgt. Norman Frecka
 TSgt. Michael Davidovic
 TSgt. Charles A. MacCrone
 TSgt. Morle B. Johnson
 TSgt. Gerald E. Brashier
 TSgt. Eugene Seda
 TSgt. Alvin D. Godwin
 1st Sgt. Joseph E. Head
 1st Sgt. Francis W. O'Sullivan
 GySgt. Ralph H. Gilb
 TSgt. "C" "L" Haney
 TSgt. Richard E. Gilmore
 TSgt. Lowell M. Witt
 TSgt. Philip R. Hembree
 1st Sgt. Lawrence F. Robbins
 1st Sgt. Anthony Morello
 TSgt. William C. Jones
 Tsgt. James C. Harr
 Tsgt. Henry B. Hamilton
 Tsgt. Thomas Human
 Tsgt. John A. Redding
 Tsgt. Henry H. Anglin
 Tsgt. Thomas L. Edmundson
 TSgt. Milton O. Hogue
 TSgt. Eugene J. Bracci
 TSgt. Daniel H. Muselman
 TSgt. Zachariah J. Brown
 TSgt. Pierce S. Knapp
 TSgt. Frederick F. Garcelon
 GySgt. Calvin C. Watters
 GySgt. Prentiss W. Jones
 GySgt. Bruce Wallace
 TSgt. Edgar Jodoin
 TSgt. Leander E. Dorey
 TSgt. Wallace L. Baljo
 TSgt. William A. Coleman
 TSgt. William K. Akerly
 TSgt. Frederick J. Knack
 TSgt. Gordon B. Swango
 GySgt. Howard L. Franklin
 TSgt. Fremont H. Peper
 TSgt. Aaron M. Rottenberg
 TSgt. Robert D. Brown
 TSgt. Stephen Toth
 GySgt. Lauchlin M. Gillis
 GySgt. Junior B. Broadus
 GySgt. Abraham Zucker
 GySgt. Curtis F. Tinar
 1st Sgt. Clyde O. Fleckner
 TSgt. Robert J. Greenway
 TSgt. Roy T. Hill
 TSgt. Seward L. Moore
 TSgt. Lionel S. Reynolds
 TSgt. Thomas L. Sullivan
 TSgt. Douglas Thompson
 TSgt. Richard F. Henderson
 TSgt. Amos E. Kirkland
 TSgt. William Bolick
 GySgt. Hugh B. Owens
 TSgt. Richard E. Stewart
 TSgt. Harold D. Blosser
 1st Sgt. William G. Hogan
 1st Sgt. Ernest Shifter
 GySgt. Stanley T. Jason
 1st Sgt. Roscoe W. Taylor
 1st Sgt. Roy W. Moran
 StSgt. Albert J. Zlamal
 GySgt. Henry P. Todd
 1st Sgt. Thomas R. Braun
 GySgt. Aubrey T. Hicks
 TSgt. Earl Isard
 1st Sgt. Dudley J. Hagen
 TSgt. Jay T. Cloud
 TSgt. Robert V. Elliot
 TSgt. Walter J. Connors
 GySgt. Ernest B. Derrick
 TSgt. John F. Stein
 TSgt. Edwin J. Sinclair
 TSgt. William D. Smith
 TSgt. Judson J. Swallow
 TSgt. Marcel J. Duchamp
 GySgt. Robert B. Reynolds
 GySgt. Hugh L. Wehrly
 TSgt. Albert L. Eastman
 TSgt. James B. Darnell
 TSgt. Duane F. Shuffler
 TSgt. Walter H. Beicke
 PISgt. John F. Powronzak
 PISgt. Harry Rosman
 PISgt. Charles Condo
 PISgt. Odell J. Paysour
 PISgt. Edwin T. Carlton
 PISgt. Walter R. Cameron
 PISgt. Jease L. Griffin
 PISgt. Ellis R. McNabb
 PISgt. Peter Mangogna
 StSgt. Joseph H. Pace
 PISgt. James R. Montgomery
 PISgt. Raymond W. Cook
 PISgt. Herbert L. Gault
 PISgt. Maurice V. Reynolds
 StSgt. Earl D. Martin
 PISgt. Walter L. Tate
 PISgt. Robert B. Carney
 StSgt. Clarence H. Raper
 StSgt. Oscar A. Bosma

Modern Barrack-Room Ballads

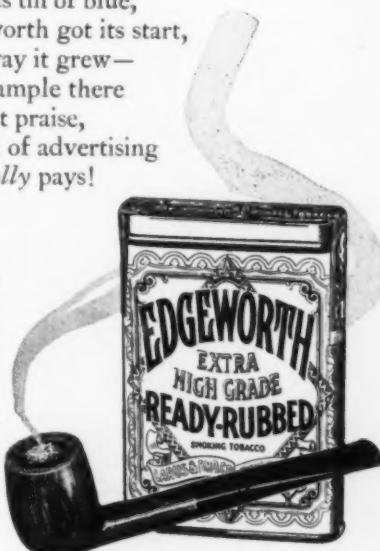


"Men Like to Share Their Pleasure..."

Whoever heard a Soldier say—
 "Here, try my shaving cream!"
 Yet often in their leisure time
 You'll find that men will seem
 To take a pride in offering you
 Their pipe tobacco blend,
 And if it happens to be Edgeworth—well
 You've really found a friend.

Men like to share their pleasure
 From the famous tin of blue,
 That's how Edgeworth got its start,
 And that's the way it grew—
 A pipeful here, a sample there
 A word of honest praise,
 Yes, that's the kind of advertising
 We've found *really* pays!

Most pipe-lovers regard Edgeworth as a special brand of contentment—rather than just a brand of tobacco. They respect the judgment of other smokers who offer or accept a pipeful from the famous blue tin. It is this quiet comradeship and mutual trust which marks them as members of that contented group of pipe lovers who enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco. Discover Edgeworth yourself.



© Larus & Bro. Company, Richmond, Va.

Who Said:
**"Don't Shoot Until
 You See the Whites
 of Their Eyes!"**



Famed

patriotic slogans have inspired America's fighting men down through the years of our glorious history. Colonel William Prescott, to make every shot count, held his Colonials in check with this command at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

Another popular slogan with fighting men today:

"KING EDWARD, please!"

Mellow-mild, generously-sized King Edward Cigars are service favorites everywhere. For there's a full forty minutes of real smoking pleasure packed in each of 'em. And they're priced at two for five cents!

Next time, for a smooth, fragrant smoke, just say "King Edward, please!"



StSgt. Robert B. Gould
 StSgt. George V. Clark
 PISgt. Hillis R. Ellington
 PISgt. Clarence H. Bennett
 PISgt. James D. Hall
 PISgt. Anton M. Johner
 PISgt. John A. Hladky
 StSgt. Robert P. Pitts, Jr.
 StSgt. George J. Gottschalk
 StSgt. Sidney E. Blaine
 StSgt. Orin D. Walbrown
 StSgt. Doward S. Wilkinson
 PISgt. Orval E. Adams
 PISgt. David O. Sauls, Jr.
 PISgt. George T. Farnsworth
 StSgt. Henry T. Sleter, Jr.
 StSgt. Robert E. Emerson
 StSgt. William A. Pense

TO MARINE GUNNER, MARINE CORPS RESERVE, From 7 July, 1942:

TSgt. Frank H. Rentfrow
 SgtMaj. Frank R. Shaw
 MTsgt. Carl J. Buschena
 MTsgt. Leroy E. Turner
 MTsgt. Henry F. Camper
 1stSgt. William M. Fleming
 1stSgt. Vagn E. Hansen
 GySgt. Rodney E. Barwick
 TSgt. Otto C. Vieweg
 1stSgt. Cleaven B. Branson
 1stSgt. Arthur F. Johnson
 GySgt. Julius H. Lanham
 1stSgt. Earle J. Karlage
 1stSgt. Russell Koller
 TSgt. Harry G. Strachan
 TSgt. Raymond B. Taylor
 1stSgt. William W. Hewett, Jr.
 1stSgt. Joseph Hornstein
 1stSgt. John R. Day
 GySgt. Fairley A. Hancock
 TSgt. Gilbert A. Barrett
 1stSgt. Shannon Burke
 TSgt. John W. Anderson
 TSgt. Clifford A. Youngs
 PISgt. Cyrus "W" Keith

TO QUARTERMASTER CLERK, MARINE CORPS, From 7 July, 1942:

QMSgt. Lewis O. Miller
 QMSgt. Edward L. Goessler
 QMSgt. Lincoln P. Davis
 QMSgt. Guy F. Tabor
 QMSgt. George N. Speer
 QMSgt. Louis A. Sullivan
 QMSgt. William G. Ellwanger
 QMSgt. Milton R. Scott
 QMSgt. Michael F. Murphy
 QMSgt. Herbert England
 QMSgt. Joseph Straus
 QMSgt. Harry B. Baldwin
 QMSgt. Albert W. Finlay
 QMSgt. Ernesto R. Beavers

SgtMaj. Harvey S. Newgarde

QMSgt. Herbert L. Merwin

QMSgt. Charles R. Butt

QMSgt. Bennie Cryts

SgtMaj. James Carberry

QMSgt. William A. Brown

SgtMaj. Fred Riewe

SgtMaj. Daniel W. Thompson

SgtMaj. Joseph M. Hodges

SgtMaj. Benjamin F. Carter

QMSgt. Alton R. Nash

SgtMaj. John A. Mcbee

SgtMaj. Arthur W. Slagster

QMSgt. Fred H. Hanson

SgtMaj. George O. Smith

QMSgt. Fred R. Philpot

QMSgt. Mack H. Bell

QMSgt. Nathaniel J. Lytle

QMSgt. Isom H. Elswick

QMSgt. Waldo C. Perry

QMSgt. William J. O'Connor

SgtMaj. John A. Miller

QMSgt. George G. Gibson

QMSgt. John A. Clayton

QMSgt. Arthur W. Earhart

QMSgt. Edward Myrel

SgtMaj. Raymond B. Quinn

SgtMaj. Ralph Garrie

QMSgt. Cranford J. Hart

QMSgt. Francis E. Arland, Sr.

SgtMaj. Carl H. Glaser

MTSgt. George E. Dilman

SgtMaj. Walter J. Shipman

QMSgt. Milton H. Barnes

SgtMaj. Elmer P. Goree

QMSgt. John M. Picariski

MTSgt. Alvin J. Deason

MTSgt. Neill B. Walker

SgtMaj. Harry E. Smith

QMSgt. Andres A. Rodriguez

QMSgt. John A. Lippold

QMSgt. Seraphim G. Musachia

MTSgt. Elmer G. Peters

QMSgt. Harold R. Billeker

QMSgt. Philip Silver

QMSgt. Lynn J. Cramer

QMSgt. William C. Garwood

QMSgt. Victor L. Smith

QMSgt. Wayne Traywick

QMSgt. Wilson J. Acord

QMSgt. Harris D. Gray

QMSgt. Kenneth M. Stayer

MTSgt. Thomas F. Ford

QMSgt. John Hoogendam

QMSgt. Charles E. Jackson

QMSgt. Victor V. Miller

QMSgt. Stephen J. Tomek

QMSgt. Wayne O. Taylor

QMSgt. Robert O. Orms

QMSgt. Thomas F. Colbert

QMSgt. Carl F. Johnson

QMSgt. John W. Minick

QMSgt. Edward W. Laperrier

QMSgt. David J. Trojan



"Corporal, how long has this man been on duty?"

THANKS to Mr. Del Ray, Alameda, Calif.

THE LEATHERNECK

QMSgt. Harry W. Rominger
 QMSgt. Alfred N. Milbert
 QMSgt. Sumner T. Mitchell
 QMSgt. Jesse R. Himes
 QMSgt. Martin Itsin
 QMSgt. Walter P. Landis
 QMSgt. Felix A. Polskievics
 QMSgt. Robert D. Leach
 QMSgt. Robert L. Daffin, Jr.
 QMSgt. William H. Franks
 QMSgt. Hazel P. Bishop
 QMSgt. Harry M. Oliver
 QMSgt. Webb V. Turner
 QMSgt. Andrew Mulina
 QMSgt. Virgle L. Scatena
 QMSgt. Jerry Troy
 QMSgt. John H. Tomlinson
 SupSgt. Matthew H. Miller
 SupSgt. Joseph E. Connors
 SupSgt. William C. Anderson
 SupSgt. Ralph E. Bailey
 SupSgt. Claude K. Johnson
 SupSgt. William R. Wood
 SupSgt. Ray A. Benedict
 SupSgt. Robert W. Amacker
 SupSgt. Phillip W. Schaefer
 SupSgt. Bruce L. Bythway
 SupSgt. Floyd E. Hyatt
 SupSgt. Herbert A. Holthus
 SupSgt. Leland A. Cochran, Jr.
 TSgt. William A. Davis
 TSgt. Paul G. Abernethy
 SupSgt. Robert J. Thrower

TO QUARTERMASTER CLERK, MARINE CORPS RESERVE, From 7 July, 1942:

QMSgt. Louis Schlesinger
 MT Sgt. Roy M. Tomlinson
 QMSgt. Frederick W. Smith
 QMSgt. Harold E. Suess
 SupSgt. Glen L. Flaten
 TSgt. Karl H. Krak

TO PAY CLERK, MARINE CORPS FROM 7 July, 1942:

PMSgt. Edward A. Richardson
 PMSgt. Hubert N. Ward
 PMSgt. Joseph P. Herron
 PMSgt. Levi "J" Shambough
 PMSgt. Vincent J. Buettner
 PMSgt. Roy C. Allen
 PMSgt. Charles C. Meyer
 PMSgt. Gerard F. J. Fraioli
 PMSgt. Maurice "O" Beal
 PMSgt. Charles D. Brown
 PMSgt. Martin Evinger
 PMSgt. Edgar A. McLean
 PMSgt. Carlton L. Post, Jr.
 PMSgt. John C. Hudock
 PMSgt. Billy F. Buschman
 PMSgt. Elbert L. O'Banion
 TSgt. Ruthledge S. Sasser
 TSgt. Grady F. Smith
 TSgt. Edward J. Rowe
 TSgt. Herbert L. Farmer
 TSgt. Dawson Harris
 TSgt. James F. Colley, Jr.
 TSgt. Paul W. Stone
 TSgt. Sidney E. Drake
 TSgt. Harold B. Eggers
 TSgt. Robert A. Leadon
 StSgt. Andrew N. Cook, Jr.

2. The below named noncommissioned officers were selected for temporary appointment to the warrant grades indicated, but their appointments must await notice of physical qualification under the requirements of ALNAV 55. If in these cases the prescribed tests were not taken subsequent to the date of ALNAV 55 and a report submitted to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, they should be taken and report submitted without delay:

MGySgt. Roy M. Fowle
 MT Sgt. Vincent E. Murphy
 SgtMaj. John Kirby
 MGySgt. Dennis Floyd
 1stSgt. Carl Ohlbeck
 TSgt. Edgar M. Murray
 TSgt. Clarence A. R. Fredrickson
 GySgt. Lynthol Bevens
 StSgt. Ned M. Emmons
 SgtMaj. Leland H. Alexander
 QMSgt. Orvan B. Lasater
 QMSgt. Fithugh L. Childress
 QMSgt. George R. Kuykendall
 SgtMaj. John G. Stutta
 MT Sgt. Frank R. Fittante
 PM Sgt. Magnus R. Dahlsten

REPORT OF BOARD APPOINTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PREPARING A ROSTER FOR PROMOTION TO THE RANK OF FIRST SERGEANT

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., 30 July, 1942.
 The proceedings and recommendations of the First Sergeant Promotion Board, dated 29 July, 1942, which Board convened to recommend candidates for appointment to the rank of First Sergeant, plus the selection of a number of sergeants for promotion to the rank of Platoon Sergeant, by virtue of the completion of the First Sergeants' course recently held at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, and the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, are approved.

A CITATION FROM SERVICE MEN FOR

Comfort in Action

TO THEIR OLD FRIEND

Jockey Underwear

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU KNOW ME!



TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT. OFF.

The volume of Jockey Underwear purchased by men in uniform is a citation to underwear comfort. The password hasn't changed—it's JOCKEY.



MILD SUPPORT

A favorite under civvies and even more important to Service Men is Jockey's patented no-gap, Y-front construction that assures mild masculine support.



COOL

Jockey keeps men cool when the going's hot. Its porous knit fabric evaporates perspiration, dries quickly, and gives the skin a chance to breathe.



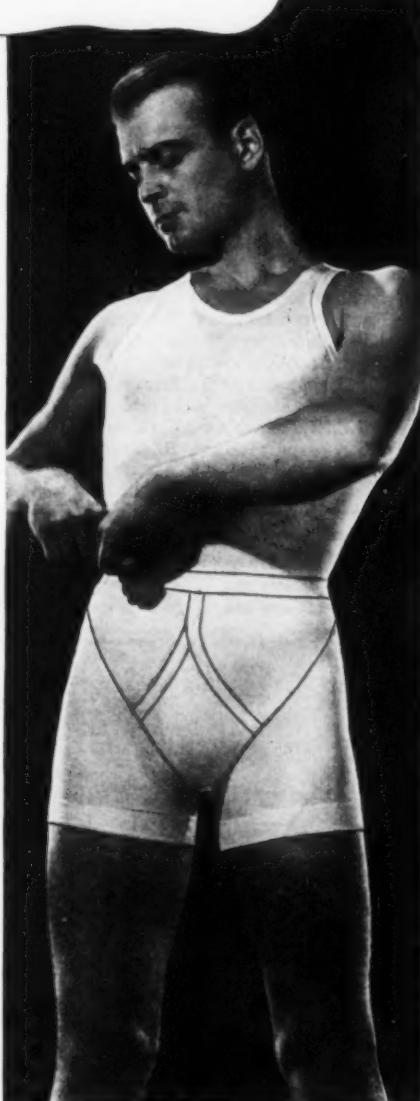
NO BIND

Jockey, the underwear that ended squirming, provides freedom from crawl, bind, or chafe. (Khaki shorts in the tropics look smarter with Jockey.)



WASHES EASILY Dries Before Reveille

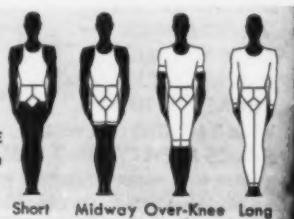
Jockey's knit fabric needs no ironing, and returns to body contours. Look for "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label.

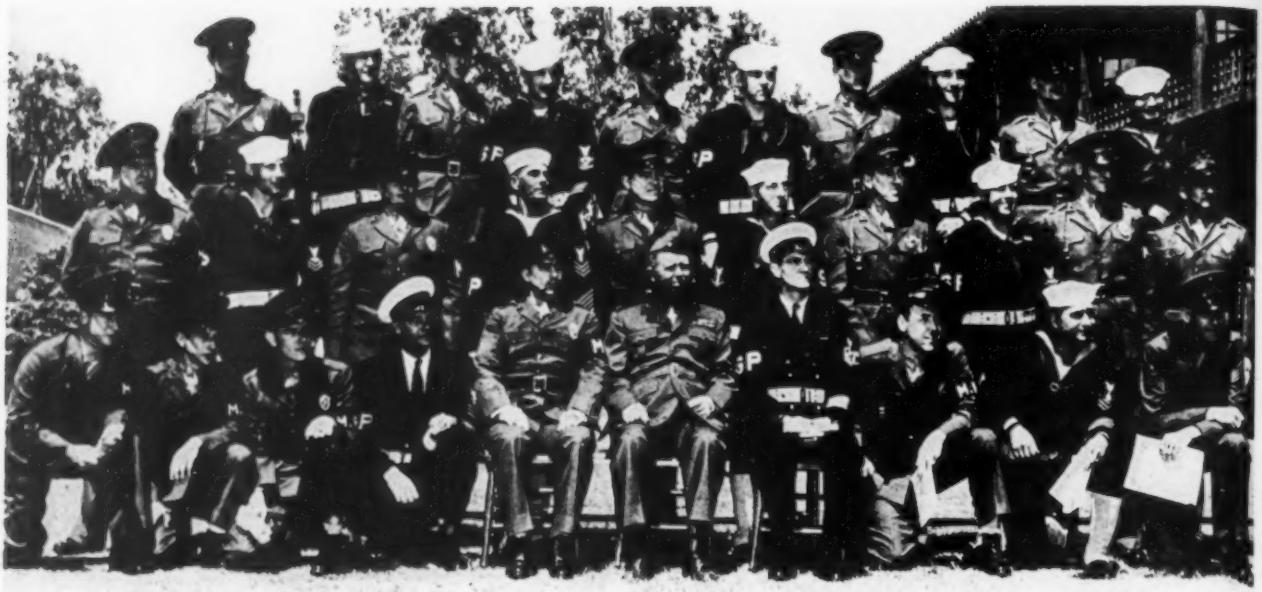


Two-piece—varied leg lengths—contoured shirts to match.

Coopers INC.
 KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
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 In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rodkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. 1





Here is the first class to graduate from the Marine Corps' new Military Police school at the San Diego base. Pictured above are (front row, left to right), Pfc. Wilson J. Miller; Pfc. Clarence B. Belter; Corporal William L. Clark; CCM. James H. Garner, U.S.N. First Sergeant Louis Guidette (instructor); Major John A. Gray, commanding; CRM. Thomas L. D. Terrebonne, U.S.N.; Corporal Leo R. Farley; EM 1/c Sidney J. Rodrigue, U.S.N.; Sergeant Joe E. Morris; (second row, left to right), Sergeant Leonard L. Wesson; AOM 2/c Kenneth R. Brewer, U.S.N.; Corporal Theodore E. Gits; Ptr. 1/c James J. Ward, U.S.N.; Corporal Wilbur E. Hight; Coxswain Lawrence P. Cox, U.S.N.; Corporal Theodore P. Croasell; AMM 3/c Alvin H. Holt, U.S.N.; Corporal Stephen L. Brooks; Corporal Jack A. James; (back row, left to right), Corporal Thomas Burk, Jr.; AM 2/c James H. Longest, U.S.N.; Pfc. Edward C. Griffin; AM 1/c Donald F. Dickerson, U.S.N.; Corporal Carl Jensen; Ptr. Raymond A. Phillips, U.S.N.; Corporal Hugh B. Church; M.M. 1/c Edward J. Ford, U.S.N.; Corporal George Rasmussen; W. T. 1/c Lance E. Smith, U.S.N.

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Selected list of graduates of First Sergeants' Schools, MCB, San Diego, California, and MB, Quantico, Virginia, for First Sergeant after first being promoted to Platoon Sergeant:

Names marked by an asterisk (*) were selected by the First Sergeant Board only for promotion to the rank of Platoon Sergeant and not for further promotion to the rank of First Sergeant. Instead they will be presented to the next First Sergeant Board convened.

1. Barlow, Hubert B., Sgt.
2. Smith, Earnest, Sgt.
3. Poirier, Edward C., Sgt.
4. Beach, Eugene P., Sgt.
5. Berger, Murray M., Sgt.
6. Robertson, Oswald S., Sgt.
7. Woerner, William H., Jr., Sgt.
8. Waters, Leon S., Sgt.
9. Black, Dudley L., Sgt.
10. Hoffman, Oris O., Sgt.
11. Smith, John C., Sgt. (Avia).
12. Liberatore, Hadrian J., Sgt.
13. Weller, Marion F., Sgt.
14. Cole, Clyde T., Sgt.
15. Phifer, Edward D., Sgt.
16. Tobe, David S., Sgt.
17. Durham, Curtis, Sgt.
18. Geiger, Charles C., Sgt.
19. Deany, Vincent R., Sgt.
20. Babin, Albert J., Sgt.
21. Bansky, Joseph A., Sgt.
22. McDaniel, Zeb S., Sgt.
23. Schmidt, Curtiss M., Sgt.
24. Hart, Harris I., Jr., Sgt.
25. Chalkley, James O., Sgt.
26. Chipp, John R. M., Sgt.
27. Lepionka, Francis J., Sgt.
28. Tachovsky, Francis J., Sgt.
29. Martin, McLoyd, Sgt.
30. Maier, Joseph A., Sgt.
31. Di Genaro, Adam, Sgt.
32. Balko, Michael J., Sgt.
33. Pole, Russell E., Sgt.
34. Lewis, Winslow E., Sgt.
35. Chaney, Hampton V., Sgt.
36. Butler, John K., Sgt.
37. Gale, John M., Sgt.
38. Le Grand, Bud "H", Sgt.
39. Checkton, Henry A., Sgt.
40. Drake, George S., Sgt. (Avia).
41. *Chittum, Hershel M., Sgt.
42. Stamper, Clarence P., Sgt.
43. Stamper, Leonard C., Sgt.
44. Wales, Emery C., Sgt.
45. Lindberg, Harry M., Sgt.
46. Hebert, George W., Sgt.
47. Trimble, Frank S., Sgt.
48. Anderson, Ralph A., Sgt.

49. *Postlewait, Kenneth J., Sgt.
 50. Elder, William R., Sgt.
 51. Buttick, William C., Jr., Sgt.
 52. Polvogt, Thomas B., Jr., Sgt.
 53. *Smith, Lloyd A., Sgt.
 54. *Rich, Clifton, Sgt.
 55. Schilbe, Herbert H., Sgt.
 56. Madeiros, Manuel, Sgt.
 57. *Perkins, John O., Sgt.
 58. Oakes, John T., Sgt.
 59. Grant, Percy A., Sgt.
 60. Machlan, William D., Sgt.
 61. Bono, Anthony S. E.
FIRST SERGEANT ELIGIBLE LIST:
 1. Gurman, James R., Pl.Sgt.
 2. Smith, Bruce L., St.Sgt. (A&I).
 3. Ritter, Harry W., Pl.Sgt.
 4. Johnson, Kenneth, Pl.Sgt.
 5. Cleghorne, Harold, Pl.Sgt.
 6. Henry, Eldon F., Pl.Sgt.
 7. Robertson, Paul L., Pl.Sgt.
 8. Smith, Frank J., 1st Sgt. (OW).
 9. Welch, John H., T.Sgt. (MCS).
 10. Penny, Walter A., Pl.Sgt.
 11. Crozier, John T., St.Sgt. (A&I).
 12. Smith, Lambert J., Pl.Sgt.
 13. Setlock, William J., Pl.Sgt.
 14. Jaudon, Harvey, Pl.Sgt.
 15. Wilson, Eugene W., Pl.Sgt.
 16. Tennyson, Everett L., Pl.Sgt.
 17. Tidwell, Albert, Pl.Sgt.
 18. Southern, Eugene, Pl.Sgt.
 19. Hulburd, William C., Pl.Sgt.
 20. Robinson, Johnston J., Pl.Sgt.
 21. Vaile, Harry D., Jr., 1st Sgt. (OW).
 22. Elliott, George C., Pl.Sgt.
 23. Jessup, Blanton A., Pl.Sgt.
 24. Starnater, Burnell E., Pl.Sgt.
 25. Prosko, Max R., Pl.Sgt.
 26. Strange, John "O", Pl.Sgt.
 27. Redden, Richard A., Pl.Sgt.
 28. Weldon, John W., Pl.Sgt.
 29. Bevans, Ray S., Pl.Sgt.
 30. Dean, Paul R., 1st Sgt. (OW)
 31. Burnham, Glen E., 1st Sgt. (OW)
 32. Gilbreth, Paul B., St. Sgt. (C)
 33. Pittman, John L., Pl.Sgt.
 34. Channell, Elden E., Pl.Sgt.
 35. Gann, Hilton A., Pl.Sgt.
 36. Misik, Stanley J., Pl.Sgt.
 37. Smith, Percy L., Pl.Sgt.
 38. Diaz, Armando, 1st Sgt. (OW)
 39. Jones, Edward A., Pl.Sgt.
 40. Jones, Coleman C., Pl.Sgt.
 41. Sonnenberg, Leo R., St. Sgt. (Avia)
 42. McGlocklin, Clifford H., Pl.Sgt.
 43. Buhman, Richard M., Pl.Sgt.
 44. Wilson, Arthur F., Jr., St.Sgt. (C)
 45. McCart, Willard K., Pl.Sgt.
 46. Myers, Eugene V., Pl.Sgt.
 47. Sauter, Arthur E., Pl.Sgt.
 48. Murphy, John M., Pl.Sgt.
 49. Willett, William E., Pl.Sgt.
 50. Keenan, Lawrence W., Pl.Sgt.
 51. Brewer, Charles D., Pl.Sgt.
 52. Stone, Robert R., Pl.Sgt.
 53. Sartor, Louis J., Pl.Sgt.
 54. Starke, Robert H., Pl.Sgt.
 55. Fesselmeyer, Melvin H., Pl.Sgt.
 56. Moore, Leslie V., Pl.Sgt.
 57. Statesman, Alvie R., Pl.Sgt.
 58. Gilliland, Griffith, Pl.Sgt.
 59. Karr, Earl H., Pl.Sgt.
 60. Lada, Joseph A., Pl.Sgt.
 61. Follendorf, Robert E., Pl.Sgt.
 62. Thomason, Floyd M., St.Sgt. (C)
 63. Billings, Glenn M., Pl.Sgt.
 64. Ezell, Woodrow W., Pl.Sgt.
 65. Compton, Albert L., Pl.Sgt.
 66. Murray, James A., Pl.Sgt.
 67. Ivey, Aaron C., Pl.Sgt.
 68. Urbancic, Anthony J., Pl.Sgt.
 69. Barber, Stewart C., Pl.Sgt.
 70. Warren, Dewitt C., Pl.Sgt.
 71. Warren, Robert M., St.Sgt. (C)
 72. Lund, Otto N., Pl.Sgt.
 73. Allen, Jack A., Pl.Sgt.
 74. Aubrey, Julian E., St.Sgt. (C)
 75. Dierickx, Phil A., St.Sgt. (C)
 76. Stark, Jerome J., Pl.Sgt.
 77. Edwa-ds Marion W., Pl.Sgt.
 78. McCullough, Aubrey L., St.Sgt. (C)
 79. Greenstone, John R., Pl.Sgt.
 80. Webb, Clinton E., Jr., St.Sgt. (Avia)
 81. Ellis, Harry F., St.Sgt. (C)
 82. Evans, Edward J., St.Sgt. (C)
 83. Gilliam, Francis D., Pl.Sgt.
 84. Walawski, Zigmund, Pl.Sgt.
 85. Pauley, Kellum D., St.Sgt. (C)
 86. Gary, Roger C., St. Sgt. (Avia)
 87. Jacoby, James D., Pl.Sgt.
 88. Graham, Lawrence L., Pl.Sgt.
 89. Steiner, Clifford D., Pl.Sgt.
 90. Barlow, Hubert B., Sgt.
 91. Smith, Ernest, Sgt.
 92. Fourier, Edward C., Sgt.
 93. Beach, Eugene P., Sgt.
 94. Berger, Murray M., Sgt.
 95. Robertson, Oswald S., Sgt.
 96. Woerner, William H., Jr., Sgt.
 97. Waters, Leon S., Sgt.
 98. Black, Dudley L., Sgt.
 99. Hoffman, Oris O., Sgt.
 100. Smith, John C., Sgt. (Avia)
 101. Liberatore, Hadrian J., Sgt.



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102. Weller, Marion F., Sgt.
 103. Cole, Clyde T., Sgt.
 104. Phifer, Edward D., Sgt.
 105. Tobey, David S., Sgt.
 106. Durham, Curtis, Sgt.
 107. Geiger, Charles C., Sgt.
 108. Deany, Vincent R., Sgt.
 109. Babin, Albert J., Sgt.
 110. Bansky, Joseph A., Sgt.
 111. McDaniel, Zeb S., Sgt.
 112. Schmidt, Curtis M., Sgt.
 113. Hart, Harris L., Jr., Sgt.
 114. Chalkley, James O., Sgt.
 115. Chippis, John R. M., Sgt.
 116. Lepionka, Francis J., Sgt.
 117. Tachovsky, Francis J., Sgt.
 118. Martin, McLoyd, Sgt.
 119. Maier, Joseph A., Sgt.
 120. Di Gennaro, Adam, Sgt.
 121. Balko, Michael J., Sgt.
 122. Pole, Russell E., Sgt.
 123. Lewis, Winslow E., Sgt.
 124. Chaney, Hampton V., Sgt.
 125. Butler, John R., Sgt.
 126. Gale, John M., Sgt.
 127. Le Grand, Bud "H.", Sgt.
 128. Checklow, Henry A., Sgt.
 129. Drake, George S., Sgt. (Avia)
 130. Stamper, Clarence P., Sgt.
 131. Stamper, Leonard C., Sgt.
 132. Wales, Emery C., Sgt.
 133. Lindberg, Harry M., Sgt.
 134. Hebert, George W., Sgt.
 135. Trimble, Frank S., Sgt.
 136. Anderson, Ralph A., Sgt.
 137. Elder, William B., Sgt.
 138. Bittick, William C., Jr., Sgt.
 139. Polvogt, Thomas B., Jr., Sgt.
 140. Schilbe, Herbert H., Sgt.
 141. Medeiros, Manuel, Sgt.
 142. Oakes, John T., Sgt.
 143. Grant, Percy A., Sgt.
 144. Machlan, William D., Sgt.
 145. Bono, Anthony S. E., Sgt.

From: Lieutenant Colonel John Dixon, USMC,
 Retired, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps.
 To: The Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps.
 Subject: Noncommissioned Officer Promotion
 Board, report of.

1. In accordance with the above reference a
 Non-commissioned Officer Promotion Board con-
 sisting of myself as senior member, Captain Cal-
 vin A. Lloyd, USMC, member, Second Lieutenant

Earl B. Hardy, USMC, member, and Second Lieu-
 tenant George E. Allison, USMC, as member and
 recorder, met for the purpose of preparing a roster
 for promotion to the grade of First Sergeant and
 to select certain men for promotion to the grade
 of Platoon Sergeant.

2. The members of the Board having consid-
 ered the cases of the candidates recommended, as
 listed in the attached enclosure, the Board recom-
 mends that the names of the following candidates
 be placed on eligible lists in the order named:

Chambers, Charles A., Pl.Sgt.—to NYNYX Vita-
 rama Corp.

Fabay, Albert W., MGSTT—to NYNYX Vita-
 rama Corp.

Hamlin, Arlie, Corp.—to MB, NOP, S. Charles-
 ton, W. Va.

Boatwright, Andrew G., Corp.—to 3rd Marines.

Murphy, Harry, Corp.—to 3rd Marines.

Purdie, Clyde L., Corp.—to 3rd Marines.

Miller, Lawrence V., Corp.—to 3rd Marines.

Schiller, William, Corp.—to 3rd Marines.

MTSGT. Jos. P. Collins—to MCAS, Cherry Pt.

Young, Robert A., 1st Sgt.—to MB, Quantico.

Billings, Benjamin R., Pl.Sgt.—to NYNYX,

Vitarama.

Smith, Cromer, Gy. Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New

River.

Earles, Oscar W., Corp.—to MB, Quantico.

Weiss, Elias L., Corp.—to MB, NOB, FFT.

Kraus, Merl G., Corp.—to MB, NOB, FFT.

Barnes, Alvis G., Jr., Corp.—to M, NOB, FFT.

Rindfleisch, Walter F., MTSGT. Baker—to

MCAS, Cherry Point.

McLaughlin, Robert L., Sgt.—to TC, New River.

Webb, Ray H., Corp.—to TC, New River.

DeWolf, Levant P., Sr. Sgt.—to MB, NAS,

Jacksonville.

Smeal, Wilson C., Pl.Sgt.—to MB, NOB, FFT.

Kilpatrick, Arbot J., 1st Sgt.—to TC, FMF,

New River.

Rivers, Paul E., Sgt.—to MCAS, Quantico.

McGee, Charlie H., Jr., Stf.Sgt.—to 2nd MAW.

Foley, Guy, Pl.Sgt.—to MB, New River.

Garrett, Harley A., Corp.—to Dunedin.

Ford, Eliphilet, Sgt.—to MAD, NAS, Jackson-

ville.

Cockerill, LaVern S., Sgt.—to MB, Quantico.

Hemmer, Russell F., Corp.—to MB, NYBOS.

Specht, Lester E., Corp.—to MB, NAS, Lake-

hurst.

Fischer, Arnold G., MT.Sgt.—to Ser. Co. Hq.,

USMC.

Skaggs, Virgil T., Corp.—to ABG-2.

Fogle, Robert L., Sgt.—to MCAS P. I. MGG-71.

Voelker, Calvin J., Sgt.—to 2nd MAW (Ad.
 Command).

Ott, Werner R., Corp.—to MCAS, Cherry Point,

N. C.

Poline, Alexander E., Corp.—to MB, Quantico,

FTs.

Couture, Clarence M., Sgt.—to MB, NTS, Great

Lakes.

Deming, Forrest P., Sgt.—to MB, Parris Island.

Mattison, James F., Stf.Sgt.—to MAD, Av. Ra-

dar Sch, NAS, Corpus Christi, Tex.

Stuart, Kenneth J., Jr., Sgt.—to Corpus Christi,

Tex.

Chambers, Thomas B., Corp.—MB, Quantico,

McCormick, Lawrence, Sgt.—to MCB, NOB,

San Diego, Cal.

Peccia, William P., 1st Sgt.—to MAD, NTS,

College Sta., Texas.

Droke, Edwin P., Corp.—to DofS, MB, NYD,

Pearl Harbor.

Gyllenberg, Malcolm, Corp.—MB, Quantico,

AMC Ord.

Fuese, Joseph F., Corp.—to Para T.S., New

River.

Nugent, Ray H., Pl.Sgt.—to MB, Parris Island.

Chesney, Alonso N., Stf.Sgt.—to Para T.S., New

River.

Plusnis, Frank J., Sgt.—to NYPHL.

Davis, Lawrence, Corp.—to NYPORT.

Malaby, Robert L., Corp.—to TC, AC, PF, San

Diego.

Murphy, Roy D., Corp.—to MB, New River,

Park T. S.

Blakeslee, Wilber H., Stf.Sgt.—to MB, Miami.

Bogert, John M., Jr., Sgt.—to NAD, Ft. Mifflin.

Rorrer, Woodrow W., Sgt.—to TC, New River.

Rindfleisch, Walter F., MTSGT (Baker)—to

Base Depot, FMF, Norfolk.

Kuhns, Harry J., Pl.Sgt.—to MCB, NOB, San

Diego.

Crain, William A., Sgt.—to MCB, NOB, San

Diego.

Gardner, J. P., Stf. Sgt., Baker—to MCAS,

Cherry Point.

Matunas, William P., Corp.—to MB, Sect. Base,

Treasure Is.

Stancil, Julian O., Corp.—to MB, Quantico,

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McDowell, James R., Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New

River.

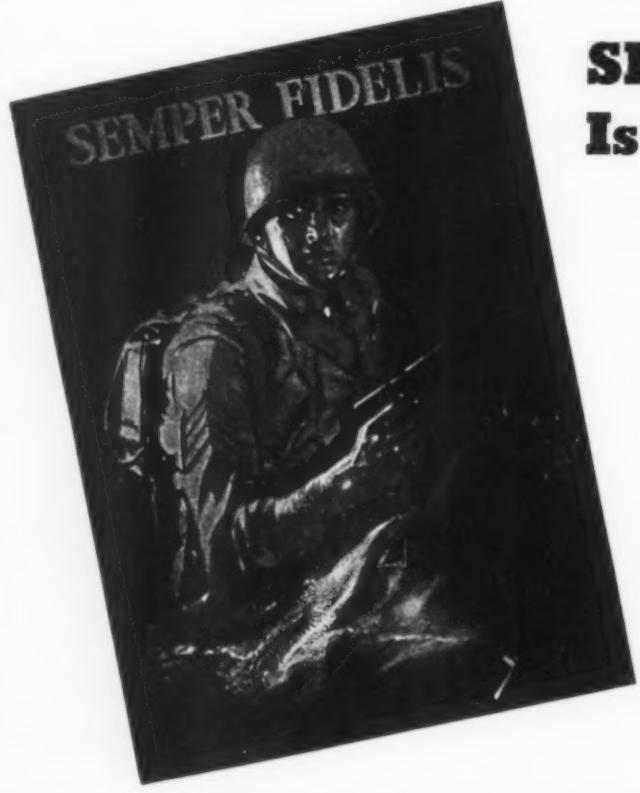
Sherlock, John J., Sgt.—TC, FMF, New River.

Wieland, John A., Sgt.—to HQ, USMC Ser. Co.

Swearengen, Charlie C., Sgt. Maj.—to MB, NY

WASH by SR's.

Young, Arnold, Sgt.—to MB, Quantico, Va.



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Gowin, Harry G., Corp.—to 2nd Av Eng Bn, TC AC PF.
 Higgins, John E., Stf. Sgt.—to DofS, Pearl Harbor.
 Haig, Henry C., Jr., Corp.—to DofS, Pearl Harbor.
 Hoban, Thomas J., Corp.—to MB, NOB, FFT.
 Ives, Albert L., Jr., Corp.—to NYBOS.
 Daskalakis, Gus C., Stf.Sgt.—to 2nd MAW (Ad. Command).
 Jensen, Alvin J., Sgt.—to 1st MAW (Ad. Command).
 Hoffman, Robert W., Stf.Sgt.—to 2nd MAW (Ad. Command).
 Russ, William M., Sgt.—to 1st MAW (Ad. Command).
 Hacker, Frederick, MGSGT.—to MARPAC.
 Alder, Asa, MTSGT.—to MAD, NAS, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Morrison, George E., MTSGT.—to MAD, NAS, Jacksonville, Fla.
 Judd, Loyal L., Corp.—to MCAS, Cherry Point.
 Mondics, Pete E., Corp.—to MGG-71, Parris Island.
 Hendrickson, Robert M., Sgt. Maj.—to MB, NOB, FFT.
 Hamrick, Mike, Corp.—to TC, FMF, MB, New River.
 Durant, James E., Corp.—to MCRAU, NRAB, Atlanta, Ga.
 O'Brien, John G., Stf.Sgt.—to 11th Def. Bn.
 Messer, Edward R., Pl.Sgt.—to TC, New River.
 Levy, Nathan, Stf.Sgt.—to MB, Quantico, Va.
 Coughlin, Daniel F., Sgt.—MB, NOB, Newport, R. I.
 Clark, Charles B., Stf.Sgt.—to Bar Ball, Base Gr. 1.
 Bagby, Richard L., Sgt.—to MB, RS, San Francisco.
 Kohl, William B., Stf.Sgt.—to MCRAU, NRAB, Norman, Okla.
 Martin, James R., Sgt.—to 1st MAW, FMF (Ad. Command).
 Billicic, Charles F., Corp.—to MCAS, Quantico.
 Risley, Edward C., Sgt.—to MB, Quantico.
 Deavers, Carlin, Sgt.—to MB, Quantico.
 Rodgers, Stanley J., T.Sgt.—to TC, New River, 23rd Marines.
 Seymour, Edgar F., Stf.Sgt.—TC, New River, 23rd Marines.
 Dravitz, Joseph J., T.Sgt.—to TC, New River, 21st Marines.
 Rushlow, Ray D., Sgt.—to 2nd MAW (Ad. Command).
 Abrams, Orville E., Sgt.—to 2nd MAW (Ad. Command).
 Rawlings, James C., Sgt.—to MB, NAS, New Orleans.
 Morris, William H., Corp.—to DofS, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 Jones, Melvin C., StfSgt.—to MB, NOB, Norfolk, FFT.
 Townsend, Johnnie V., Stf.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Fulghum, Guford E., Sgt.—to MB, SB, New London.
 Miles, James E., Corp.—to TC, FMF, New River, 3rd Marines.
 Harper, Harold E., Pl.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Trammell, Thomas B., Stf.Sgt.—to Miami.
 Lewis, Paul W., Sgt.—to Miami.
 Domigan, George F., Corp.—to Hingham.
 Painter, Roger M., Corp.—to Quantico.
 Cook, Joseph W., MT.Sgt.—to MB, Parris Island.
 Woolf, Gerald E., MT.Sgt.—to TC, New River, 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Cannon, Robert F., Corp.—to TC, New River.
 Preston, Davis O., Corp.—to TC, New River.
 Bolton, George W., Stf.Sgt.—to TC, New River, 1st Av. Eng.
 Hunt, Luther R., Corp.—to TC, New River.
 Thornton, Algie W., Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Kelley, Earl S., Corp.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 MacDonald, Frank, Corp.—to TC, New River.
 Nelms, David E., Jr., Sgt.—to 3rd Marines (Rein.).
 George, Assad A., Corp.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Lanni, Martin F., Corp.—to 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Dumas, James L., Stf. Sgt.—to 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Squillante, Anthony P., Sgt.—to 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Williamson, Horace G., Corp.—to 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Cassel, Bruno, Sgt.—to 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Foust, John T., Sgt.—to 1st Av. Eng. Bn.
 Pasley, Randolph E., Sgt.—to MB, NYd, Charleston.
 Nelson, George S., Pl.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Thomas, Henry L., Stf.Sgt.—to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor.
 Carlin, Fayette A., Tech. Sgt.—to MCB, San Diego.
 Rolph, William G., Stf.Sgt.—to HQ, DofP.
 Bagur, Paul A., Sgt.—to MCAS, Parris Island.
 Carter, Lloyd, T.Sgt.—to TC, New River.
 Werr, John F., Stf.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Kants, Volney N., Corp.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Kuykendall, James M., Pl.Sgt.—to MCAS, MGG-71, Parris Island.



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Reynolds, Thomas W., MT.Sgt.—to MCAS, Cherry Point.
Rupakas, Paul J., MT.Sgt.—to MCAS, Cherry Point.

Toranich, Stephen J., MT.Sgt.—to MCAS, Cherry Point.
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Thompson, Richard M., Stf.Sgt.—to MCAS, Cherry Point.

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Kenum, Waymon, Sgt.—to MB, Quantico.

Guice, Harvey E., Sgt.—to MB, New River.

Tate, Victor, Corp.—to MCB, NOB, San Diego.

Harris, Victor W., Sgt.—to MB, NYPHIL.

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Mackey, Charles M., 1st Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.

Casper, Jay H., Sgt.—to MB, NYPHIL.

Workman, Jay, Corp.—to 11th Def. Ba.

Fehr, George R., Stf.Sgt.—to ABG-2.

Howard, William L., Stf.Sgt.—to MB, Quantico.

Torpey, William P., Sgt.—to MB, New London.

Fessler, Dramus F., Sgt.—to 2nd Base Depot, FME.

Urbanik, Joseph T., Sgt. Maj.—to MB, Quantico.

Bibeault, John P., Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.

Halpin, Alfred V., Corp.—to TC, New River.

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Buskirk, William K., Sgt.—to 1st MAW.

Feldman, Joseph, Corp.—to MB, SB, New London.

Moseman, Raymond W., Corp.—to MB, Parris Island.

Runnels, Curtis, Corp.—to MB, NAS, Pensacola.

Wagner, John H., Stf.Sgt.—to MCAS, Quantico.

Ludwig, Thomas L., Stf.Sgt.—to MATD, Dunedin.

Nichols, John H., Sgt.—to 1st MAW (Ad. Command)

Ray, Virgil G., Sgt.—to 2nd MAW (Ad. Command).

Veesley, William H., Sgt.—to 1st MAW.

Allen, Frank B., Stf.Sgt., Mess—MB, NOB, San Diego.

Vetula, Stanley, Corp.—to TC, FMF, Camp Elliott.

Everett, Richard F., Stf.Sgt. (QM)—to AC, PF.

Smart, Hardy C., Sgt. (QM)—to MB, USN, Dry Dock, Hunter's Point.
Creely, William S., Corp.—to MATD, Dunedin.
Francis, Archie H., Sgt.—to Boston, FFT.
Adams, Robert K., Stf.Sgt.—to NRAB, Memphis, Tenn.
Tarpoley, James L., Corp.—to Jacksonville.
Moore, Frederick H., QM.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
Weaver, Frank R., Sgt.—to Dunedin.
Demaria, Peter F., Sgt.—to Parris Island.
Snyder, Gilbert R., Stf.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
Schutte, Robert C., T.Sgt.—to 11th Def. Bn.
Bates, John T., Stf.Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
Zawadski, Chester M., Pl.Sgt.—to MD, NOB, Iceland.
Riddle, Lewis C., Pl.Sgt.—to Norfolk.
Archer, Warren H., Corp.—to MB, NPF, Indian Head.
Kelley, Terrence P., Corp.—to MB, NYD, Boston.
Newton, Martin A., Pl.Sgt.—to MB, Quantico, Va.
Wallace, Joseph A., Stf.Sgt.—to 1st MAW.
Balldinger, Charles P., Stf.Sgt.—to AC, PF, San Diego.
Bates, John T., Stf.Sgt. (QM)—to TC, FMF, New River.
Williams, Bruce F., Corp. (QM)—to TC, FMF, Camp Elliott.
Cannom, George W., MT.Sgt.—to TC, New River—3rd Mar. Reinf.
Sullivan, Thomas L., T.Sgt.—to TC, New River, 21st Mar.
Carter, Allen R., Sgt.—to 7th Bar. Ball. Sqdn.
Fu-hs, Samuel L., Sgt.—to 6th Bar. Ball. Sqdn.
Rish, Earl B. D., Corp.—to TC, New River.
McNeal, Donald B., Corp.—to TC, New River.
Vardel, Edward, Corp.—to TC, New River.
Kirchhoff, Lawrence B., Sgt.—to NRAB, New Orleans.
Holmes, Arthur H., Stf.Sgt.—to NRAB, Norma, Okla.

Adams, Leonard E., Sgt.—to NRAB, Memphis, Tenn.
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 Humphrey, Eugene H., Sgt.—to 2nd MAW.
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 Hicks, Howard H., Stf.Sgt.—to 2nd MAW.
 Vernon, Frederick A., Stf.Sgt.—to 1st Div.
 Thomas, Robert L., Corp.—to MB, NYPHIL.
 Hogan, William G., 1st Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Walker, Herman F., Sgt.—to TC, FMF, New River.
 Gaudette, Edgar F., Jr., Sgt.—to 1st MAW (Ad. Command).
 Bowles, Ralph I. L., Stf.Sgt.—to 1st MAW, FMF (Ad.).
 Irvin, Eugene F., Stf.Sgt.—to MCAS, Cherry Point.
 Smith, John H., Jr., Stf.Sgt.—to 1st MAW (Ad. Command).
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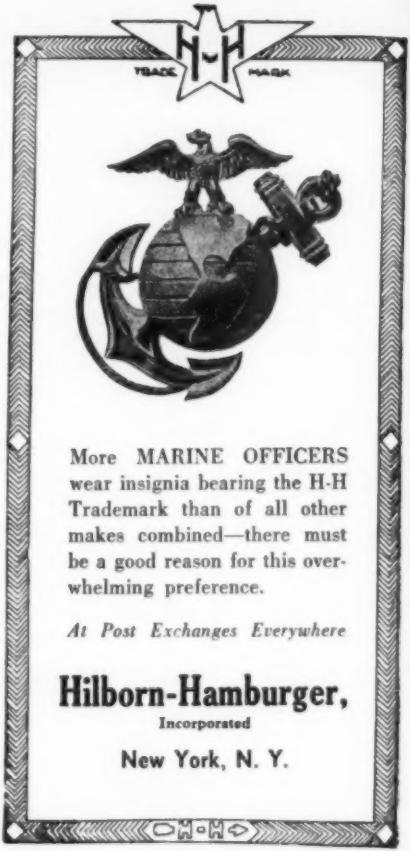
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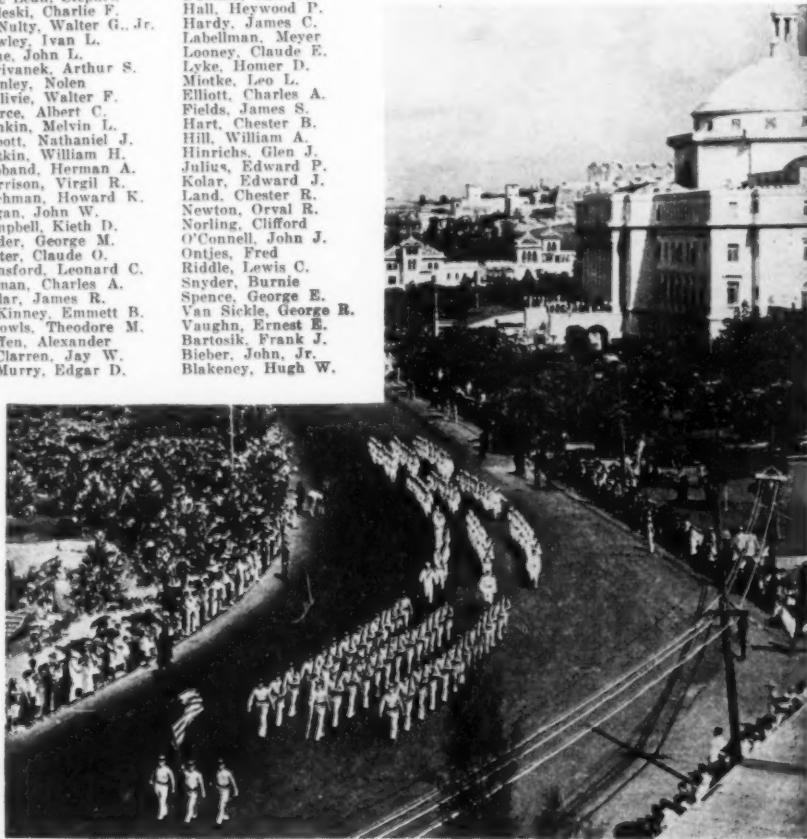
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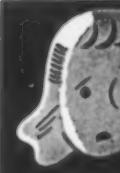
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Mother'sills
SEASICK REMEDY

By Sub From Corregidor

(Continued from page 14)

called. And then the tall Colonel ran to the Manila hotel where Admiral Hart was waiting for him in his quarters.

Word came at 9 a.m. the Japs had dropped two bombs on Bagio, northwest of Manila. At noon Clark Field was hit. The next day—Dec. 9—the Jap aviators attacked Nichols Field on the edge of Manila. On Dec. 10, the planes came again and bombed Cavite Navy Yard. Bombs fell in the industrial area. At Cavite fires blazed everywhere and there was no water pressure. A Navy Lieutenant, Thomas Suddath of Savannah, Ga., remembered that a truckload of warheads had been left standing beside the torpedo shack. The fire was at its height. He rushed into the burning area, started the truck and drove it out of the danger area and around to Manila. Grimy and dirty, Lieutenant Suddath broke into a conference being held by Admiral Hart and informed him of the danger to the ammunition depot.

At the water front the Colonel found two barges capable of pumping water out of the bay and these were pressed into service. Sailors manned the engines and men from the docks were recruited on the spot to go over the flaming Navy yard.

This done, the Colonel headed for the Coast Guard headquarters. One of their boats was just entering the outer bay. A rush message was sent and it headed toward Cavite.

With extra equipment obtained from Manila the smoke-blackened Marines and Bluejackets managed to get the fire under control, although it burned stubbornly for several days. They saved the ammunition depot.

On Christmas Day Colonel Clement made a final inspection of Cavite. The men were ordered to pull out that night. About midnight Navy personnel and the Marines climbed into trucks and started the six-hour drive to Bataan.

Two days later Colonel Clement rounded up the headquarters Marine guard—about 12 men—and started off to join

the Fourth. The ears were abandoned three times on the way because of low-flying bombers.

As the clipper flew across the Pacific to San Francisco the Colonel thought of gallant deeds of many of the Marines who were doomed to be prisoners of war, such as Lieutenant Schade, Marine Gunner Brainard and their radar crew of 34 men.

From the very beginning of the war until the final surrender of Bataan that courageous group kept their radar set functioning at all times and under great difficulties. This set was initially set up at Nasugbee where it functioned in the Army Air warning network. The Japs soon over ran that area and prime movers were badly needed to get this equipment out. Brainard had none but he found a park of five new tractors which the Army had cached off under the trees. In short order, USMC was painted on a tractor and the radar set started moving towards Bataan.

The new set up on Bataan didn't last long, for the Japs pushed promptly and forced them to go rearward. This set was so expertly camouflaged that not once did the Jap aviators locate it to put it out of action. The last message from Schade and Brainard came during the night of April 8 when word was being passed to the troops on Bataan about a surrender the following day. The message was "To hell with this surrender stuff. We'll destroy the set and fight our way through to the hills, where the Japs will pay dearly to get us."

Back in Washington, there was a big surprise waiting for Colonel Clement. He was to be awarded the Navy Cross for his distinguished service in the Philippine campaign.

Scene for the ceremonies was the courtyard of the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C. The crack Marine Barracks Battalion, in dress blues, was drawn up along the compound. Secretary of Navy Knox decorated the big Colonel while the Commandant, Lieutenant General Holcomb, looked on.

And then the battalion paraded twice by the bronzed man from Bataan.

After it was all over, and the boys were shucking out of their blue blouses in the barracks, someone said, fervently:

"Boy, that Colonel's a MARINE!"
There's no better compliment.



"You may be pitching for the Yankees before the war's over."

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At Tientsin

(Continued from page 42)

within their houses, and refused to come out until they heard reassuring words spoken in their native tongues.

But the Marines' job had only just begun. Another force was being besieged in an arsenal about eight miles up river, and with only a few hours' rest, the Leathernecks marched off to rescue their comrades in arms. Word of the Devil Dogs' fighting prowess had circulated rapidly among the Chinese masses, and the Boxers at the arsenal fled as the Marines approached, having no desire to taste the cold steel and salt blood of the Americans' deadly bayonet infighting.

There was a good chance that they might return in force, however, or attack treacherously under cover of night, so the Marines turned around and marched back to Tientsin with only small rest periods for food and first aid.

LOTS OF WAR CRIES

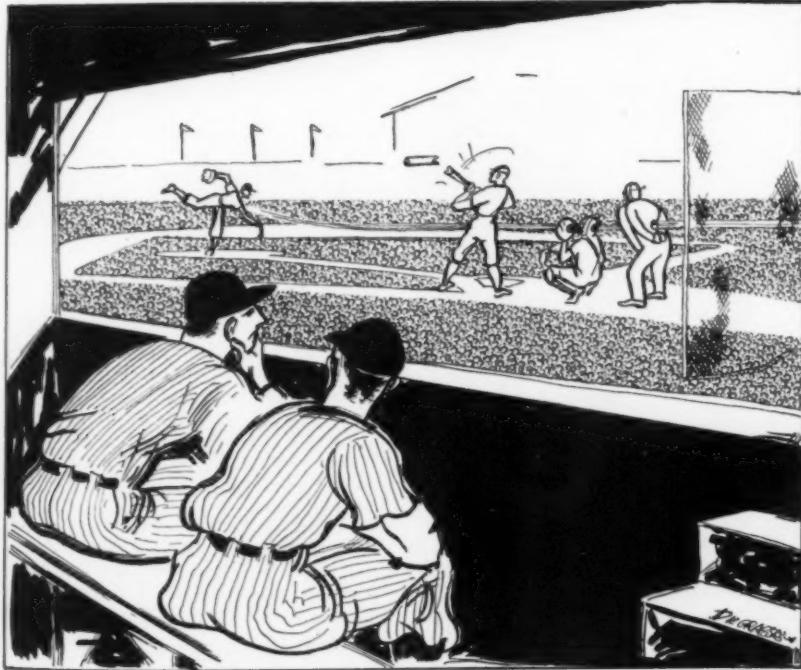
The Boxers still held a large part of the ancient Chinese city, and the Russians had been unsuccessfully trying to drive them out for over a week. Without even a day off for rest, Waller's iron men pitched into the battle and turned the tide, so that all that remained in the hands of the Boxers was the innermost walled city, hotbed of the rebellion.

So remarkable were the achievements of this company of Marines that Major Wal-

ler wrote of them in his report as follows: "Our men have marched 97 miles in five days, fighting all the way. They have lived on one meal a day for six days, but have been cheerful and willing always. They have gained the highest praise from all present . . . like Falstaff's army in appearance, but with brave hearts and bright weapons."

While the Marines rested, strong European reinforcements arrived for the final assault on the walled city. On the morning of July 13, Russian artillery opened heavy fire on the Boxer stronghold, while the line troops dug their toes in for the zero hour charge across a flat, marshy plain, into the face of withering musket fire from the walls, with only a few grave mounds for cover.

Signal for final charge was blowing open of the great south gate, by well-placed Russian shellfire. Troops of five nations jumped from cover, yelling battle cries in Cockney, Cossack and Comanche. French and even Japanese outfits joined in the encircling movement, the ring of steel around the breached wall growing ever tighter despite fierce enemy resistance. In the hottest part of the fight; at the blasted gateway, were the U. S. Marines, first to enter the city and strike the deathblow to this heart of Asiatic fanaticism. And driving shoulder to shoulder with them every foot of the way were the soldiers of the Czar, displaying the same fine fighting spirit which has been the admiration—and for over a year, the all-protecting bulwark of the United Nations in World War II.



"Just wait until the boy shows us his fast ball."



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Unconquered

(Continued from page 30)

have been sent to the Russian front. The Czechoslovakian Government-in-Exile, located in London, has estimated that Czech industrial production has been lowered 35 per cent as a result of persistent slowdowns. By means of short wave from London, Jan Masaryk (Czech Foreign Minister) has cautioned fellow Czechs to refrain from violence because of the tremendous risks involved. He advises them, though, to slow down their work, take more time turning each bolt and nut, stay longer in the washrooms, and delay at lunch time. In a Skoda plant with 40,000 workers, Masaryk estimates that "if every one of these men dawdles and takes an extra 2 minutes when he goes to the washroom, the Germans lose 80,000 minutes of production a day."

ARMED REVOLT

Thousands of Yugoslavs are in open armed revolt against Hitler, led by General Draja Mihailovitch, a fiery Serb who retired to the mountains near Albania, taking with him light artillery, motorcycles, a few planes, armored cars, and light tanks. His men are Yugoslav regulars, and *Chetnik* guerrilla fighters. They fight in small separated groups, sweeping from their mountain fastnesses to destroy Axis troop concentrations, burn storehouses, and wreck transportation facilities. They have behind them centuries of bold guerrilla tradition, and the silent aid of thousands of peasants.

Aftonbladet, a Swedish paper, noted on January 14, 1942, that "ten-year-old boys have recently fought with the *Chetnik* troops. The insurgents have an excellent news service, and are always well-informed of the activities of the enemy. . . . Captured prisoners are released

against ransom: a colonel costs a certain amount of food and ammunition; a major is cheaper, and an ordinary soldier can be rescued for rifle!" They fight within 50 miles of Belgrade, and have ventured into the city itself. Mihailovitch continues his fight for liberation in the mountainous regions of southern Serbia, parts of Croatia, and across perhaps 20,000 of the 96,000 square miles of Yugoslavia that Hitler thought he had conquered last year. Mihailovitch is said to control three-fourths of old Serbia and parts of Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Montenegro.

When the resistance first made itself felt, the Axis referred to Mihailovitch and his forces as merely a band of "communists and criminals emptied from prisons when the war began." But to meet the threat of this "mere band" the Axis has had to keep 150,000 Italian, Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Rumanian troops in the Balkans. Unless heavily armed and in great numbers, Axis troops are unsafe outside their barracks. They are suddenly surprised from behind and annihilated. Main railroad lines cannot be safely traveled. The countryside is alive with revolt.

Greek guerrilla bands, living in the hills, strike at German and Italian encampments and supply lines in Greece and Crete. Coordinating their efforts with those of General Mihailovitch, 5,000 Greek guerrillas, banding together along the Bulgarian border, swung into action in April, 1942; several hundred Nazi soldiers were killed, and a troop train wrecked east of Salonika.

"FIFTY PERSONS HANGED"

And what is Hitler's answer to those who resist? Slow starvation, exile, concentration camps, torture, and death. One cannot hope to list accurately the thousands upon thousands of people—fathers, mothers, children, corner grocers, doctors,

postmen—who have been slain by the Nazis.

Isolated examples give the general picture. In Yugoslavia, the Nazis resort to mass executions of from 30 to 120 innocent villagers at a time. The Nazi-controlled *Oppinski Noviny* (in Belgrade) published on June 23, 1941, an order by the German military commander: "Two German soldiers were assassinated during the night by a group of unknown Serbs. One hundred men from the local population were shot in the morning in accordance with my instructions. . . . In future, 100 Serbs will be shot for every assassinated German soldier."

On October 20, the *Dagens Nyheter* reported that Skela village had been burned in reprisal for shots fired at a German military car. The German chief commandant stated that inhabitants of the village knew of the shooting but did not inform the authorities. "Male accomplices were shot," said the newspaper, "50 persons hanged."

In April, 1942, two dozen Gestapo men, on a manhunt for two young Norwegians who had slipped back from England on a secret mission, came upon them asleep in the fishing village of Televaag, on Sotra Island, near Bergen. One was shot in his sleep. The other awakened in time to kill two Germans before being killed himself. The Nazis took swift reprisal. Eighteen innocent hostages were executed. The entire male population of Televaag (about 60) was sent to a concentration camp, and later shipped to Germany. All women and children were ordered out of town. Even animals were not spared the Nazi fury: cows, pigs, and sheep were sent to Bergen to be slaughtered. In a final frenzy of hate, the Nazis burned to the ground every house in the village. Televaag had been wiped off the face of the earth.

Resistance to Hitler in Occupied Europe requires courage beyond belief. When German officers were shot in Paris, 6,000 workers were rounded up in a house-to-house canvas and dragged off to concentration camps. 200 more hostages were shot in reprisal for slaying of 2 Nazi privates. 2,300 Yugoslavs were put to death for the killing of 26 German soldiers. And the reprisals in Czechoslovakia for the shooting of Heydrich, culminating in the wiping out of the entire town of Lidice, ran into thousands more.

These are mere fragments of the epic story which will one day be told, fragments of truth—not rumors, not inventions—that have reached the outside world, often at great cost. Some day the full story will be published to all nations. How soon? Not until the armies of the United Nations have joined hands with the unconquered patriots in final battle for the ultimate victory.

When British Commandos recently landed in France, local Frenchmen mistook them for a full-scale army of liberation. Swiftly turning upon the Nazis, they seized German arms and produced hidden weapons.

This is the spirit of the Unconquered People. This is the shape of things to come.



"Damned sinister-looking, isn't it, Eglebert?"

INTERVIEWS

HOLD 'em and squeeze 'em . . ." A stocky, keen-eyed man puts a rifle to his shoulder, sights, and snaps the trigger.

"Like that. You must treat a rifle like a woman — hold and squeeze."

A young man clad in the field uniform of the Marines watches.

"Yes sir," he says, and tries to imitate the process.

He may not get it right the first time, or the second or third or twenty-fourth. But he will, finally, if he possibly can. Because he realizes that what the stocky man has told him is Gospel for a rifleman. The stocky man is none other than Sergeant Major Morris ("Bud") Fisher, former world's champion rifle shot, now returned to service with the Marines as boss of the rifle range at Parris Island, S. C., the Leathernecks' Eastern recruit training center.

For 30 years Marines have been the nation's best rifle shots. Since 1911 they have won 15 out of 24 of the National Team Matches.

If you watch Sergeant Major Fisher at his coaching now-a-days, you will understand why — the Marines are taught to value their rifles as their lives and to love them as their wives.

Fisher went on inactive status in June, 1941, after three decades of Marine Service. Born in Youngstown, Ohio, he has recently lived in Woodhaven, N. Y., and Washington, D. C. He couldn't stay out even though his 52 years kept him from combat, so he rejoined the Corps in March. He now gives oncoming Leatherneck marksmen the benefit of the skill which brought him two Olympic and two world free rifle championships.

He loves the Parris Island range like a son. Strolling about, observing the recruits toiling away, he picks up wisps of paper or trash that mar the cleanliness of the grounds. He never tires of drumming the essentials of marksmanship into the heads of lads who never saw a rifle until they came to Parris Island.

"Hold 'em and squeeze 'em."

Fisher makes that command so familiar to embryo Marines that they repeat it in their sleep.

He is a living example of what gripping the rifle tightly and squeezing the trigger evenly will do for a man's accuracy. When he first joined the Marines in 1911 he knew nothing about the United States rifle, caliber 30 model 1903 — in fact he didn't much like the weapon and doubted if he would qualify as a marksman.

He soon became proficient with the rifle, however, and by 1915 was winning championships. In 1920, using the extremely accurate Springfield (known to the services as the '03), he made off with the championship of the world, shooting a total of 996 out of a possible 1080, to win the Olympic match in Antwerp.

Again in 1924 the doughty Marine won



Sergeant Major Morris Fisher, chief coach at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot rifle range at Parris Island, puts every shot into a pistol bull's eye while a playful "boot" dangles from the coach's shooting arm. Fisher is a former world's champion marksman.

the Olympic individual rifle championship, and in 1923 and 1924 he won the world's free rifle title in the International matches held at Camp Perry.

His triumph in the 1920 Olympics was the first such victory ever registered by a member of an American military team, and it was also the first time that the Olympics had seen the top marksmanship honor won by a standard military rifle—the U. S. Rifle model 1903, caliber 30.

Since then Sergeant Major Fisher (whose real name is Morris but whose nickname, like all Fishers, has always been Bud) has kept up his remarkable marksmanship with such success that his matches all over the world have reaped him more medals than even his broad chest can hold.

Even now he can take a pistol and eat the bull's eye out of a target — with a man hanging to his firing arm! Last June he fired the regulation Marine

qualification course for the first time since 1933, with the semi-automatic Garand (commonly called M-1) rifle, and scored 310 out of 340 points to re-qualify as an expert rifleman. He can still practice as well as preach.

Marines soon to go to war zones are fortunate that "Bud" Fisher has put on his uniform once more.

A Veteran Gunny Returns to Duty

"Civilian life does not set well with a man who has been in the Marines as long as I," said Gunnery Sergeant William G. Huntley. So the 60-year-old veteran volunteered for another cruise and on June 13 he became police sergeant at the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C. Huntley enlisted in the Corps in January, 1904. He retired March, 1934. Of his long service, Gunnery Sergeant Huntley commented: "There was a lot of fighting and a lot of good trips and a lot of fun." He got one of the "good trips" shortly after enlisting. Huntley got his Boot Camp training at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Then he was sent to the Philippines. In his outfit was a young lieutenant, Thomas J. Holecomb, now commandant of the Corps. Huntley saw action in the Philippines and China. He made sergeant during World War I and he was in the Santo Domingo and Nicaragua campaigns. In 1932 he returned to China with the Fourth Marines. After retirement, Huntley became a lieutenant in the Library of Congress guards. But it wasn't like the Marines. After eight years as a civilian, Huntley asked permission of General Holecomb to return to the Corps. Huntley's son, a staff sergeant, is in Australia.



Sergeant Major Fisher shot a great gap in a target, then stuck his head through the opening and posed for trick picture.

DIS-MISSED!



B EEN having trouble with your mail lately? Letters from home not arriving? Your own frantic scrawl lost in the Never-Never Land between here and there?

Maybe a quick check-up on a few postal "Rocks and Shoals" will keep communication lines to the home front open.

A few DO'S:

DO address envelope in your own handwriting if mail is to go free. DO use stamps for typewritten or hand-printed addresses, on both postcards and letters.

DO put name, rank, branch of service on all free mail.

DO encourage the home folks to use V-mail blanks available at most postoffices. Reduces mail weight 60 per cent. Censors are still struggling with volume of microfilm mail, advocate weekly round-robin letter from home to cut down on shipping space.

DO require accuracy in addressing, both on mail from home and your own correspondence. Hundreds of improperly addressed letters reach HQ each week, take time, red tape, precious train space to straighten out.

DO use unit numbering system for overseas mail, if you expect to get through censorship.

A few DON'TS:

DON'T try to send "free" airmail, registered special delivery, newspapers, magazines, clippings, photographs, printed announcements or circulars, parcels or packages, sealed or unsealed.

DON'T abuse the franking privilege by trying to put something over on the overworked postal clerks.

DON'T give the mail orderly hell when your sugar report is overdue or your gingersnaps turn up in fine shape to use as washers. This is war, lad—be damn glad the trains are still running on schedule. They're not in Germany.

And DON'T forget to keep THE LEATHERNECK notified of change of address. You paid for the magazine. We want you to get it. But we're not mind readers.

PICTURE CREDITS

(The following list, page by page, shows the source of each picture in this issue):

5, 7—Paramount pictures. 15—Life. 15—top, Paramount; bottom, Press Associations, Inc. 17—Press Associations, Inc. 18—Life. 20, 21, 22—United States Weather Bureau. 24, 25, 26, 27—U. S. Marine Corps. 46—U. S. Marine Corps. 56—U. S. Marine Corps. 71—U. S. Marine Corps.

Editorial: Woo! Woo!

YOU'VE got to hand it to those boys on YANK. They know how to get their name into print. And, in the darndest places for a bunch of he-men.

A copy of MADEMOISELLE, that swanky swank women's monthly, wandered into our office recently with pages 148 and 149 marked.

It was a ducky interview that was just thrilling. It seems that MLLE. threw a party for YANK's staff and interviewed the laddies. Ooooh, those soldier boys were so big and so handsome.

And their opinions? Oh, ponderous is the word.

We quote various paragraphs:

"That reminded us that we hadn't asked about nailpolish at all. We asked and the YANK staff started a terrible controversy. Half liked pale; half liked red. We thought that was a good answer so we passed to perfume."

We'll spare you what they thought about perfume.

But are they soldiers? Here's what MLLE. thinks.

"We wanted to know what the Army wanted and what the Army liked and we couldn't have found a better selection of soldiers to question for the answers. They



were all old newspapermen—not too old, though—but they were regular soldiers who had been through maneuvers and stood guard before they were selected to write the Army's new streamlined weekly paper."

What, no campaign ribbons? No sore thumbs? They must be REAL soldiers.

Other YANK observations:

They don't like scented stationery.

They like girls with "kultur."

They like old-fashioned girls.

They like clever girls.

They like girls in shorts, disagree on slacks.

Etc., etc.

We don't know if they liked the rhumba or the conga better, but we suspect it would be the conga. Anyway the YANK boys spent a nice evening in the Rainbow Room.

And, in accompanying illustrations we noticed that YANK picks its own uniform. Some had on their olive drab, others had on kakhi. One staff member listed in caption as a sergeant had no stripes. One sergeant decided he didn't like the Army regulation of tucking his tie into his shirt and wore it full length outside with a really fascinating little tie clip.

We were under the impression that the Army was fairly strict about uniform regulations.

We wonder if the boys at YANK spend two hours daily drilling like their brothers-in-arms in the cast of the super-duper production "This is the Army."

Incidentally, one of the powers at YANK was formerly an executive with the Street and Smith publications; MADEMOISELLE, The Magazine for Smart Young Women, is a Street and Smith publication. ?????

Despite all this, YANK is a pretty good publication.

Hello again...

**I'm
"Coca-Cola" . . .
known, too, as
"Coke"**

I salute you from the soda fountain. You may not really see me, but I'll be there. I'm a symbol of the life and sparkle of "Coca-Cola." You'll hear my name. Maybe you'll speak it yourself. Maybe you call me "Coke." It's short for "Coca-Cola." I offer you the pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola."

You see, I bring you fun for your money.

P. S.

Everybody likes to shorten words. Abbreviation is a natural law of language. You hear "Coke" . . . the friendly abbreviation for the trade-mark "Coca-Cola" . . . on every hand. I tell the story in a picture you have so often heard in words.

Take it from the "Queen of the Air"
ANTOINETTE CONCELLO

YOU WANT
STEADY NERVES

TO BE
A TOP-FLIGHT
AERIALIST

• You may not go in for trapeze acrobatics. Even the thought of someone in danger may upset you, but there's a sound tip for any smoker in the fact that among men and women whose jobs demand steady nerves, it's Camels for the mildness that counts. Antoinette Concello (right) says: "Camel is one cigarette I really enjoy because of their finer flavor, also because they're extra mild."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

The smoke of slow-burning
CAMELS
contains LESS NICOTINE

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested...less than any of them...according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



"Queen of the Air"
Ringling Bros. and
Barnum & Bailey circus

